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ABSTRACT

This book is a collection of folklore and tales written or collected by and/or about people in Flagler County, Florida, and intended to stimulate adult reading enthusiasm. Most of the stories are humorous; they are grouped into seven chapters in the book. Chapters include tales of events, ghosts, drinking and moonshine, courting, old cures and remedies, fishing and hunting, plus a chapter of pithy quotes and old sayings. The book is illustrated with old photographs, drawings, and collages. (KC

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YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'

A Composite of Folklore, Anecdotal Stories and Tall Tales from Flagler County Folks

by

Donna L. Helbing

This project is dedicated to people who share their gift of laughter and enjoyment through the art of storytelling.

FORWARD

Seek and you shall find; only that is lost--
which never was pursued.

--Sophocles

What a rich heritage exists in Flagler County. The idea of compiling tales and stories is a marvelous conception. These stories include factual events, exaggerations, lies and combinations between the extremes.

Some of the stories were written as they were told; some by authors who wish not to be identified; Robert Moody and Gamble Rogers, who is Florida's favorite storyteller, provided a wealth of information.

The illustrations are old photographs, drawings and collages, which seem to depict much of the subject matter.

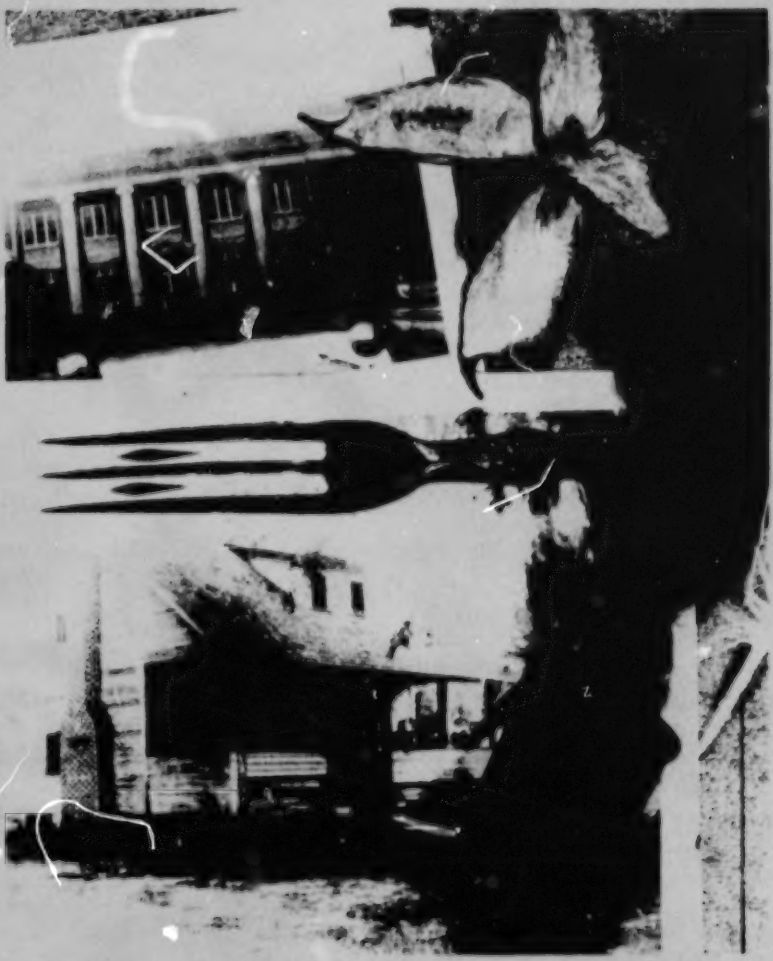
The stories reminded me that there does exist a universal tendency to love, laugh, and administer forgiveness in all people.

There are so many people who participated in this project. The Advisory Committee of Freda Dean, Karna Grad, Jamie Likins and Brinn Newton gave freely of many hours and exhibited incredible energy; Wini Cordiano and Sue Mincey for their editing; Ruth Hamm for typing and layout; and to Donna Helbing for writing the project.

Our special thanks to Richard C. Wells, Superintendent, and the Flagler County School Board, consisting of Roy W. Likins, Chairman, James L. Dupont, Everett W. Anderson, Larry S. Goodemote, Herschel C. King for their support and cooperation.

I wish to further thank the long list of supporters who gave of their time and energy to make this project a success.

E. L. Taylor
Project Director



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CHAPTER 1

Events to Confer, Converse and Otherwise Hob-Nob

Politickin' Picnics

Under the magnolias the old timers sat and leaned back in their rocking chairs. They talked of the days in Flagler County when "picnickin'" and "politickin'" were done at the same place.

One said, as he puffed on his pipe, "'Round lekshun time we would gather fur fixins out neah whur the jail is now. Ya kud listen to heah speakuh after speakuh bad-mouth each othuh the awfullest. One time it got so bad ah decided not to vote. It sho' nuff didn't make no nemmine (never mind) to me who wuz runnin' the guvmint. Ah'd long figgered out what wuz wrong with Congress. Most of 'em ain't got a grain of sense an' the rest is just plain ignernt.

"Ah 'magine that talk made folks extree hungry too, cuz those gatherins had food better 'n Easter, Thanksgivin', and Christmas suppers combined. There wuz bobbycue, gopher stew, chittlins, greens, slaw, perlo (pilau), cornbread, swamp cabbage, lytes, biscuits, peecan piah, key-lime piah and sweet-'tater piah."

Now I've been told there are two things you should never see being made: laws and sausages. Having researched these Flagler political gatherings I can assure you chitlins and gopher stew are another.

I've been told that chitlins, while being cooked (either boiled or fried) can smell up all of Flagler County. They are, in fact, hog intestines and considered a delicacy if you can forget what they are.

Gopher stew is made from the skinned legs of the Florida land turtle. More than one county resident remembers times when the "gopher round-ups" took place. The meat is extremely tender and onions, tomatoes and potatoes finish the stew recipe.

At those large gatherings a passel of collard greens was cooked up in a large old sugarcane pot. ("Passel" is southern for a large quantity.)

Lame Eagle

Whenever the subject of food comes up I am reminded of an Indian story. Three young Indian men were riding down an ancient trail which is now known as Old Kings Road. Although the three men did not speak the same tongue, they were able to sign to each other.

The three rode in silence. Suddenly, one stopped his horse and dismounted. The other two looked around quickly and then they also dismounted. The first made signs for the other two to sit with him.

The first Indian pointed to where an eagle was feeding upon the carcass of a deer. "Do you see that bird?" he signed. "That eagle will stuff himself until he cannot fly up from the ground. Very few of the creatures of this world see as much and as far as he does, but he comes down to blindness and gorges himself. What is the meaning of this Way of the Eagle?"

"This foolish thing seems to be a common weakness among all People," one signed back.

"I have been given the name Lame Eagle by the same old man who gave me these four white eagle plumes. The name means 'one who is lame in what he wants to do, because of his way of gorging himself too full to fly.'"

He had hardly finished his signing before he broke out in laughter. The three enjoyed the laughter and the break in their ride.

Sadness has been expressed by residents all over the county that the eagles are no

longer easily seen. Their numbers are radically diminished as their nesting areas have been developed for progress.

Flagler's Famous Funeral - Robert Moody II

In the early 20's a filling station was built on the corner of what is now U.S. 1 and State Road 100. It had a canopy and pumps on each side. We would do our dating and then bunch up there. When it was rainy at night, us boys or young men would gather under the canopy on the east side and drink and raise cain. There was a 24-hour restaurant on U. S. 1 and after we all had our steaks, the fun would start.

One rainy night, during one of our canopy card games, one of the boys passed out. We was at a loss what to do and we had it. One of the boys' daddies run a carpenter shop in his hardware store where they made cheap coffins for the poor people to be buried in. They were only wooden boxes with gray felt over it.

In those days a lot of people didn't worry about dying and so the county had to. The county paid ten dollars to thirty dollars depending on who it was for. The son had a key so we went and got one of those coffins and two sawhorses under the

canopy and put that passed out boy into the coffin and someone found a Sear's catalog to read the service out of. By that time quite a crowd had gathered around and it was raining so that many more come in.

A tourist had stopped for coffee and, seeing the crowd, he came over to see what was going on. When he saw the coffin he took his hat off and stood watching.

The catalog preaching was reaching a glorious height when suddenly the boy in the coffin rolled over, and the tourist said, "My God he is alive." We all told him that was all right, he wasn't no good so we were going to bury him any how. He begged us not to, but we went right on with the sermon. He ran and jumped in his car and took off. We thought that ended him, but when he got to St. Augustine, he went to the police station and he told them to get the National Guard out that they were burying a man alive down at a town below there. The police told him it was Bunnell, not to worry about it--they do anything down there. He said, "Hell no, he wasn't worrying, he was getting back to where there was civilized people."

Roger's Lunch Box

Actually there was a complex of industry there on the corner of U.S. 1 and S.R. 100. The filling station was next to Roger's lunch, and the boarding house was next to that. The boarding house had a crow's nest on top of it with a loudspeaker system in it. All police reports would come in over the system.

Roger's was open all night and the chef was also the filling station attendant. If a bum would loiter around, the chef would get one of the locals to go up into that crows nest and give a fake police report over that microphone. The local would simply describe the bum to a tee B.OL.O. (be on lookout). In a matter of minutes the bum would have very casually walked on down the road.

You Want Me To Do What? - R. C. Tillman

I met Sam in front of the barber shop. Sam said, "Where have you been?"

"Why, what's the matter?", I asked.

Sam asked again, "Where have you been?"

"Why what's the matter?", I repeated.

"We have been lookin all over the place for you," 'course Sam had already enjoyed his afternoon cocktail and his voice was

getting louder with each question. Finally he stopped and answered my question.

"Why were you lookin' for me so hard anyway?"

"Oh a big rattlesnake went under Bill Dean's house and we wanted you to go get it out."

The Halcyon Then; Tuccio's Now

The Halcyon Hotel housed many a weary traveler and held banquets and meetings. In 1909, pigs roamed the streets and chickens were everywhere. The image was "down home." Even now some elegant splendor of the past can be felt at Tuccio's. But in 1909 the animal issue was a heated debate.

So, that same year the city clerk notified F. T. Richardson, Sol Larry, Edna Waters and F. L. Byrd to immediately pick up their hogs or they would be impounded.

The city council also passed an ordinance stating "cattle, mules, hogs, sheep and goats shall not be allowed to roam the streets." Evidence of that past "open" animal time can be seen just south of Tuccio's along the railroad track where the remains of a water trough still stand.

One Halloween story tells of when the Bunnell boys put some alligators in that trough and two horses suffered bites on

their noses. One horse ran away at least three miles west on Route 11 before its rider could regain control of his animal.

So much argument occurred over that situation that the city clerk, J. Boaz, resigned that night after a feud with the city council. All this is a matter of public record.

Scamming The Tourists

When Old Dixie Highway was barely two lanes, local children would hide in the undergrowth along the road just north of the "Live and Let Live Campground". The children would tie a fishing line to a pocketbook and place it in the road.

Strategically placed within eyesight would be our juice stand where we sold juice by the glass and oranges by the bagfull.

The tin can tourist would be financially barely afloat and the pocketbook would always catch his eye. As the car came to a stop we would quickly pull in the picketbook and hide. The car now stopped, the tourists would see the fruit juice stand and be hooked. Most of the spending money the children had came from those semi-scams.

Miss Nerva And The Snake - Gamble Rogers

Sitting in Miss Murphy's sixth-grade classroom everybody would say, "Hey, when you get to high school next year, don't get Miss Nerva Steelenbocker She's a witch."

Then the first day of high school, in walked our new homeroom teacher, Nerva Steelenbocker. Six and a half feet tall, she loomed above us like a praying mantis. She had a blue rinse in her white hair, chalk-white skin, bloodless lips, and little eyeballs like headlights shining along a Flagler County dirt road. She wore those Dr. Scholl's lace-up pedicure pumps and country floral print dresses, starched so they could stand alone, from which trailed clouds of lilac water and talcum powder. She was the brunt of many a coarse, callous and cruel juvenile joke!

Soon those Bunnell boys proposed a moment of truth. They smuggled a 38" scarlet king snake into Miss Stellenbocker's desk drawer.

There are those among the many readers who are knowledgeable in the field of herpetology those who will verify the fact that a scarlet king snake is virtually

identical to a coral snake (one of the fatally poisonous snakes on the North American continent). Both snakes are banded in the colors black, red and yellow, but the sequence of the colors varies according to the species. If you are knowledgeable in this you'll recognize the scarlet king snake as a friend to man. On the other hand, if you go messin' with a coral snake, one more white shirt will do ya!

Miss Nerva Steelenbocker came into the classroom and led the class in the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag and the Lord's Prayer.

She then made the announcements of the day. These she generally wrote with chalk upon the blackboard, but this day there was no chalk at the rim of the board. The Bunnell boys had removed the chalk which would force the teacher into the drawer wherein awaited the serpent.

She said, "Boys and girls, your principal asked that I remind you that band practice will occur on the playing field today as it is such a lovely, sunny day. He also asked that I remind you once again.....once again you rascallions have purloined my chalk."

She slid open the drawer, reached downward, froze, polished off her spectacles and continued, "he asked that I remind you once again that those of us who reside in the tropic zones should at all times be aware of the difference," she paused and continued "between the dread coral snake and his harmless and colorful cousin the scarlet king snake." She wrestled the wriggling serpent from out of the drawer, held it aloft and looked directly at Harvey Polesitter and those Bunnell boys and said, "Red on black, friend of Jack. Red on yellow, kill a fellow. Black on head, you're dead!" She dropped the snake into the wastebasket, shut the drawer and dismissed the class.

From that time on, whenever anyone who had the gall to put down Miss Nerva Steelenbocker or had the ill grace to refer to her as a witch, Harvey Polesitter and the Bunnell boys would stomp the pee-poop out of 'em.

Saving Bulow - Robert Moody II

In 1939 my brother found that the cedar lintels over the doors in the Bulow sugar mill had fallen out, and the north

wall had sagged until there was a crack all the way to within four inches of the bottom. The wall had leaned until it looked like it was going to fall in. He asked my cousin and me to fix it.

We got an old trailer and an old Ford. The road was so grown up that it was all we could do to get to the ruins. After we looked at it, we went and got two railroad jacks. I couldn't find any cedar, but I found some heart cypress crossties and we used them for timbers to go above the doors. When we started to jack up the wall, it started to fall, so we had to block it up with poles until we got it back in place. When it was back, the crack closed up and we didn't have to fix it. We hewed pieces out of the crossties to fit the lintels and as far as I know, they are still there.

A funny thing happened after it was made into a state park. One of the rangers was talking with me and pointing to those old crossties. He told me they were what was left of the original wood beams. I just smiled as I knew differently.

It is a wonderful thing that these ruins were saved for future generations

to see. I will always thank the people who did so much for this cause.

Flossie's Wig

Flossie Richardson had some kind of scalp trouble and lost all her hair. One day she came to a church meeting wearing a luxurious head of hair. Mrs. Holden was kind of funny, too. She kind of picked at Flossie. She said, "Flossie, your hair looks so pretty."

Flossie said, "You should have my doctor. He does wonders with hair." She went on as if it was her own hair.

Eleanor Holden got married. It was the first big affair after World War II around here. It was after Mr. Green had bought the old Flagler Beach Hotel and refurbished it. It was really nice.

The wedding was at the old Methodist Church in Bunnell, and the reception was at the Flagler Beach Hotel. As you went into the lobby, you went down the receiving line and had some refreshments before you came back to sign the guest book. It was on a table with a large candlelabrum holding lighted candles.

Mrs. Richardson was wearing a felt hat with a large ostrich feather, and as

she leaned over to sign the guest book, the feather caught fire. She jerked her hat off and threw it on the floor, but her wig had come with it.

Mr. Biddle snatched it up and slammed it back on her head so quickly, if you'd batted your eye, you wouldn't have seen it. She crawled out from under the table where she had hidden, but Mr. Biddle's quick reflexes had saved the day, and Flossie was able to leave the reception with her pride intact.

Small Town Living Is Great - Linda Dupont

Small-town living sure beats the hustle and bustle of the big city. I can speak on the subject from experience because I am a former big-city resident who became a small-town resident twenty-five years ago. I really like being one of the old home folks. There is a certain closeness experienced by a resident of a small town that can't be found in the big city. For instance, the early morning gatherings outside the post office allow everyone to catch up on yesterday's news. The weekly newspaper also makes a small-town resident a little special. The paper tells all the town's happenings

for the week, and even lets the residents know that Mrs. Susie Soleman's Aunt Sally came for a visit. Comparing that situation to the society page of the big city paper is strange. I once heard an old timer say he knew everything that was happening in town, but he bought the weekly paper just to see who got caught.

20th Century Troubadour

A slap-jawed-bimbo-northerner asked me, he said "Tell me what you do in Flagler County for laughs!" I say, "Shucks, Bobbas, we got loads to do for laughs down thar. Why once a year the whole community turns out to watch the entire police department paint the white line down the road. It's amazing to see them paint that straight on a dirt road.

"Why we had a hard freeze one year in Flagler County. The whole end of Bunnell turned out to watch the volunteer fire department chop the dogs off the fireplugs."

Horseracing

The following story was told by one of the old-time residents.

"A. C. Rogers had a little horse. Everybody had a little old horse and we used to ride down where the airport is

now. It was some holiday or other and we was racing and I was leading the race. I was riding Rogers' horse, when the saddle-girth broke. So there I was racing with a flying sadde. I just kicked my feet out of the stirrups and grabbed his mane and leapt off the dirt right back on his back and won the race.

"Mr. Hooper was down there too. He asked me would I go ride the race for him in Gainesville, Georgia. I said I would if I could get somebody to mind the station. That wasn't too hard, so I took off for Georgia. Right now you can go there and come right back. But then it would take you a day to go up and a day to come back and a day to stay, maybe a day or two to turn around.

"Well anyway, I went up there and won the race, and everything was fine. Next year I had won it three times in a row. Now, back then they didn't have any starting gates or nothin' you'd just take a flying start and if you hear 'em say 'stop', you'd stop. Well, I didn't hear him say 'stop' and I just kept a-goin', and I guess I got the horse pretty tired. They run another race and then they run us back over, but I'd run the old horse pretty hard. Anyway,

I got beaten. Didn't get that cup, and I got canned right there."

Another story this old-timer likes to tell is the one about a Kentucky Derby winner.

"This was Fred Hooper. He made his money building roads and he loved to race horses. He took his horse, Royal Prince, to the Kentucky Derby and it won. The town went wild. Everybody was screaming and yelling, "Did you hear? Did you hear? We thought we'd put Bunnell on the map. Really!

"He did a lot for Bunnell. He left here and made a lot of money and came back here and bought up the land where the Baptist Church is now and donated it. When he first came here he was about as poor as anyone, but it got to the point where it seemed like everything he touched would make money. He lived where Johnny Allen lives now. That was uptown. He had a lot to do with getting water into the city."

Coast and Black-Out Patrol During World War II - Robert Moody II

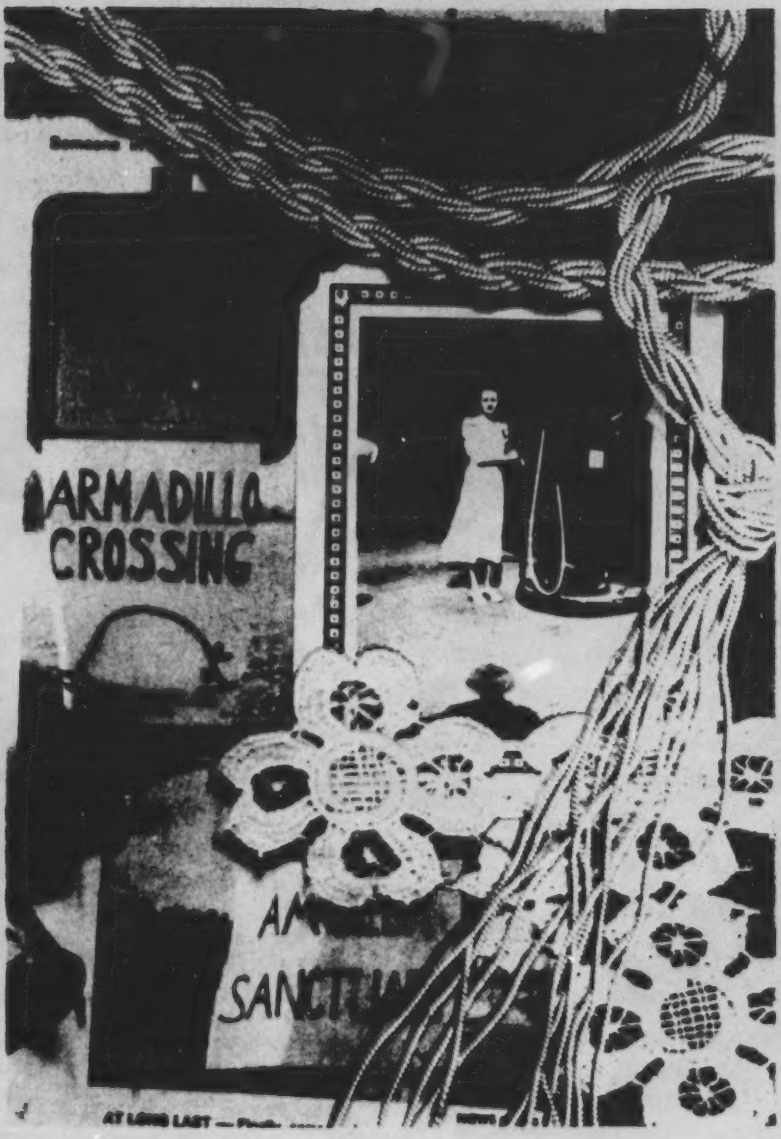
This is a part of Flagler's history that has never been let out by the government or military much. For some reason

they have never told too much about it, but to us who had to do it, I then should have the right to tell some of it after all these years.

At the start of World War II, the military had no Coast Guard at all, and there had to be a complete black-out for a mile inland. That means everything, and the highway along the ocean was closed to traffic. All windows in the houses had to be covered and no car lights. The enforcement fell onto the Civilian Defense Council that had been formed.

We started out all right at first, except for the tourists who would get on the ocean highway by mistake in St. Augustine. We had to run them down with our lights off and that would scare them to death when we finally caught them.

We were under Naval Intelligence at Jacksonville and got our orders from them. We went well armed and our orders were to protect ourselves at all cost and to shoot anyone on the beach at night who didn't answer our order to stop. If they didn't, we knew they were spies landing from submarines.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The 24-Hour Clock

For a 24-hour day, he built a 24-hour clock. It all started as a joke. But 400 solid hours of hard work later, Oswald (Ossie) Hanson had himself a 24-hour clock. "Aboard ship", this merchant seaman says, "everybody speaks of time on a 24-hour basis, 1100 for 11:00 AM, 2300 for 11:00 PM and so forth. But they all use the conventional 12-hour clock. When I told them I was going to build a 24-hour job they told me it was impossible."

For a while there, Hanson was inclined to agree with his shipmates. But as his freighter plied one sea after another, Hanson solved the various mechanical problems involved. The fact that he was first assistant engineer on his vessel didn't hurt. Gradually the clock took shape.

While in Tokyo, Japan, he picked up five gears that the clock uses, and then he had the case that encloses it made in Yokohama. He had already bought the clock's 24-volt motor. A 10-watt bulb, burning at all times, brings down the voltage so the motor can turn the hands.

The clock is accurate, too. "That is" Hanson says, "provided there are 60

cycles at the power station. Whenever that fluctuates, my clock will gain or lose a little."

"He always likes to check to see if the time announced on TV is accurate," says Mrs. Hanson. "Once I pulled the plug out of his clock for five minutes without telling him and he got all excited. He was going to tear his clock apart until I broke down and told him what I had done."

In building the clock, Hanson was under somewhat of a handicap since this was the first he had ever made. It will also be the last. "Eight months of off-duty hours it took me," he says. "From now on I'll leave the clock building to the Swiss."

Sho' Nuff and Bed Bugs

Sho' Nuff had him a house in
The bed bugs were just about to eat him up. He took his bed and put it out in the yard. Next he saturated the wood posts and metal springs with kerosene. He burned his mattress and then bought him a brand new one.

After setting up his new bed he got himself a big gallon can of syrup and

poured a stream of syrup onto the floor all around the bed.

Now Sho' Nuff had a bad habit of smoking in bed. He was always lighting his pipe and throwing them matches on the floor.

With confidence that all the bed bugs were gone, Sho'Nuff went to bed. Two hours later he was aroused, being eaten up with bed bugs. He got up and lit a lamp to see what had happened.

Them bed bugs had took those match stems, built a bridge over that syrup and were working him over!

A New Breed...Make That Beard - Jamie Likins

Grandpa had a habit of letting his beard grow to three inches, and would continually aggravate grandma by rubbing the outgrowth upon her cheek. Their daughter solved the problem when she found her father asleep, and began to cut chunks out of his beard. When he awoke and ran his fingers through his beard, huge hunks of hair would accumulate in his hands. His beard was then trimmed to a Van Dyke, and he troubled grandma no more.

The Great Train Robbery - Brinn Newton

In the fevered rush to drain,

dike, and develop the swamplands of Florida, the Trustees of the State's Internal Improvement Fund virtually gave millions of acres to the railroad companies. Some of the deeds recorded in the county courthouse carry an extra document reflecting an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The highest court in the land "set aside" these giveaways to the railroad as "a fraud on the public trust." A year, almost to the day later, the trustees reconveyed the lands to the railroad companies.

The civic-minded soul who had appealed the state's action in giving away the public's land apparently ran out of steam, or money, and the lands remained the tycoons' and magnates'.

Today, with the sudden recognition of the need for public land for such things as recreation and maintaining a water supply, the modern trustees (the governor and cabinet) are buying back the land at premium prices. The 19th century windfall, however, did create industry, wealth for a few, and a livelihood for several native sons.

The Story of M. B. Reid

He was born November 12, 1881, and he became a flagman for the Coastline Railroad in 1902. He continued to ride locomotives until 1943 when he retired after 20 years with the Live Oak, Perry and Gulf Railroad (that is the LOP & G).

Reid's mother and his uncle decided to take him out of the cornfield and send him to Clemson University where he stayed for a year. He says "I didn't like it, so I went to railroadin'". He enjoyed every bit of it--it was hard work. Reid joined the Florida Eastcoast Railroad for six months in 1907. He ran a switch engine in Miami when Henry Flagler was building a rail line across the Florida keys.

Forty to fifty cars made a long train in those days. Reid rode woodburning steam locomotives at first and switched to coal-powered trains. His only regret about the railroad was that he belonged to the union. "It was a good thing at first," he said, "but it grew until it ran things in the ground and ruined everything. I am ashamed sometimes to think I ever belonged to organized labor. Minimum wage is good

for the employer only if you get that much work out of a man."

Nos. 29 and 30

Old man Pacetti ran the Tippecanoe Hotel. They told him over at the bank that he was overdrawn. He said, "Can't be. I still got a book full of these checks yet."

His mother, Mrs. Pacetti, used to teach school down in Dupont. She used to walk down there from Bunnell every morning. They figured that was somewhere between five and seven miles." Then she would ride local train #30 back.

Everybody counted on local trains #29 and #30. You could set your clock by them. They hauled mail, baggage, produce, everything. It was the quickest way to get somewhere. If you had to go anywhere, you had to travel by horse or by train. That train, #29, everybody knew when it was coming because it brought the mail. People used to say, "'Bout time for #29; let's go git the mail."

There was a "dummy" train that ran out to Haw Creek; ran back there twice a day and hauled potatoes, lumber,

turpentine, etc. The only other way out there was by horse.

The only one who had an automobile at that time was old man Asborne. He had a Cadillac, and you would never believe what he could carry in that car. He had a meat market. When a train hit a cow, he'd drive down there and load up that dead animal and get it to his market, butcher it, and sell it before you could whistle "Dixie".

Flagler's Hurricane Lore

The tradition of Florida is filled with tales of the hurricanes' fabulous feats of destruction.

One cabbage planter of Flagler County told me "It blowed so hard, it blowed a crooked road straight, and scattered the days of the week so bad that Sunday did not get around until late Tuesday morning."

Another delightful anecdote has it, "The hurricane met the storm in St. Augustine, and they ate breakfast together. Then the hurricane said to the storm, 'Let's breeze on down to Daytona and shake it up'."

While that storm traveled through Flagler County, boats were picked out of

the Intracoastal Waterway and blown over to St. Johns Park, automobiles were seen far out at sea, boards were driven through trees, railway tracks stood on edge like a picket fence, bridges were lifted from their moorings, cows, horses, and pigs were carried away on the wings of the wind, never to be seen again, and houses were lifted from their foundations, turned in mid-air and set down intact facing the other way. It's a fact!

The Hurricane And The Judges

One story tells of an incident in the hurricane of October 25, 1921, when Bunnell was a frontier settlement. Judge Lee E. Tyler was reportedly playing pool at the Bunnell game room when the sky suddenly took on a pinkish glow. Everyone thought that the judgment day was at hand. When the hurricane hit, Judge Tyler ran to his office at the Courthouse. Across the hall he found Judge William Tack down on his knees praying. After listening apprehensively for a few minutes to Judge Tack's praying to the Lord for relief, Judge Tyler cried, "Get up from there, Bill, you ain't doing a durn bit of good! Let me try!"

Hurricanes And The East Coast of Florida

It was the day before Christmas, and God was on his way to Palatka. It happened the devil was traveling the same road, and when he saw God coming he jumped behind the stump. He wanted to catch God by yelling "Christmas gift" so God would have to get him a present. God was sort of busy in his mind, counting over how many new angels he had to buy presents for, so he wasn't paying no attention to the surroundings. When God passed by, the devil jumped out and hollered, "Christmas gift!"

"You done caught me for once," God said, looking back over his shoulder. "Take the East Coast."

And that's w[illegible] the Florida East Coast has so many hurricanes--it belongs to the devil.

Halloween In Bunnell In The Good Old Days - Robert Moody II

I will never forget the old Halloweens. There was lots and lots of tricking i those days. All the young men and boys would gather up at sundown and we would have a truck of some boy's daddy who had "borrowed" it when his daddy was

gone. At closing time for the businesses we would go out to the old junkyard where the old cars were parked and start towing them into town. We would park them in all the hard to get places, in front of the stores and in the streets where you had to drive around them. In those days there were no inside toilets, and we would haul the outside toilets uptown and park them in front of someone who had caused us trouble about our tricks. We would go into someone's chicken coop and get a few chickens and go to Neoga Lake and have a feast. We done this after our doings were over.

We always carried a few pistols and shotguns to shoot all along. One night we were coming back to town, and we stopped by the waterworks to take a drink. The water man was hid there and he thought we were going to do something to it, and he shot over our heads with a .22 rifle. We turned loose a few loads of buckshot over his head, and we never heard no more from him; it was quiet after that.

We took a turpentine wagon apart one night and took ropes and hoisted it up piece by piece onto the top of the

Idelson Building and put it back together on top of the second story. The owner was two days finding it and then he had to get it down--another day's work. We like to have got in trouble over that one, as it cost a lot to get it down.

Pretty Poor Preachin'

Sheriff McKnight was walking down the street when the preacher from the St. James Baptist Church walked up and asked him for 70¢ for his return train trip to Roy.

The sheriff asked, "Don't they pay for your return ride?"

"Yes sir, they always have, but today there was only 15¢ in the collection plate."

"Why that's pretty poor, isn't it?" said the sheriff in disbelief.

"Yes sir, it is and I want you to know they got some pretty poor preachin' for it too!"

The Outhouse And Halloween

The phenomenon of modern times is the outhouse. Even today the portalets of America have the door emblazoned with the traditional half-moon motif. Every outdoor concert goer knows it to be the scourage of the rock and roll celebration. The construction worker

will tell you that the on-site Jon-Boy is truly the symbol of life and living in the age of enlightenment.

Nearly everyone had an outhouse in the backyard. One of the most pleasurable things the young people did was to go out and turn everyone's outhouse over. Mr. Pratt got tired of having his outhouse turned over, so he sat in that outhouse one Halloween with a shotgun across his lap. Those Bunnell boys were not to be deterred. They sneaked up behind and turned it over with him in it! One year they carried a bunch of those outhouses to the middle of town and stacked

them up under the traffic light.

A man in Korona got so tired of the annual pranks that he simply moved the outhouse forward about four feet leaving the open pit exposed. Sure enough, in the early morning hours he heard the yells and cursing from three boys whose prank did not work.

Out-Houseless - Jamie Likins

Once upon a time there was an outhouse, a three-hole job, in three sizes (one for Mama Bear, one for Papa Bear and a teeny tiny one for Baby Bear). This fancy outdoor room had a trapdoor in back for cleaning purposes, and the hogs continually would be rooting in the back trapdoor. The daughter finally got tired of chasing the hogs out from the building, so she went to the woodpile, and proceeded to fill and pack all three holes with wood, which she set on fire. Not only did the flames devour the fancy three-hole johnny, but it also burned down the banana trees beside it, a grapevine, half an acre of high corn in back, and set the house on fire, causing a bucket brigade to be formed by the numerous children in the household to put out the fire. A new outhouse was

not built, and therefore this home was "out-houseless!!!"

Drought and Fire

The drought this year is bad, real bad, but there was a time it got so dry that the St. Johns River was only running two days of the week to save water. Those were the Environmental Protection Agency river requirements.

Then it started raining and we had a northeaster' followed by a hurricane. It rained so much and the river was so high you could see under it.

The worst fire in Flagler County is referred to as the Gore Lake fire. It was one of those fires where the men worked all night. One resident told me, "A fire like that moves so fast it boggles the mind. The Gore Lake fire jumped the plowed lines four different times. I saw it jump four different streets and a large canal."

When you see the black smoke you know that the fire is "crowning". The smoke is black because the fire is so hot that it uses up all the available oxygen.

When you see the cypress trees dying in the swamps, you know that it will be a

bad year for fires. The year of the Gore Lake fire even the gator holes were dried up. You can also check the burning index which will show how far down a cigarette will burn after you throw it on the ground. Normally, it will go out, but during drought it will burn right on down to the end of the tobacco.

It is hard to see 30 years of growth go up in smoke or see the drought kill the entire year's planting. It is worse to be fighting a fire and get your tractor or 'dozer hung up on a stump.

Men have had to abandon their equipment and watch it go up in smoke, too. They have come out of that frustrating work dirty, dusty and all their hair singed off their arms and eyebrows.

One local who was fighting a fire, got his 'dozer hung up and hit a yellow jacket hive and had to get off and run for safety. Another firefighter had a trick of questionable humor pulled on him when kerosene was poured on his tractor seat. Now that will burn the skin as bad as the fire. You should have seen that guy squirm as he drove his tractor off after hours of unflinching fire fighting!

Learning To Fly

Two brothers decided one day how much fun it would be to fly. Living on the farm, there was always a wealth of material with which to construct various contraptions. They made wings out of an old tarpaulin with a wooden frame and connected them with strips of cut-up tire inner tubes.

Joe decided to be first, so he climbed to the peak of the barn and prepared himself for the flight. On the word "go", Joe leaped out into the air, expecting to soar like a bird. Instead, he plummeted to earth like a rock nearly breaking every bone in his body. Brother Bill ran over to him and exclaimed, "You were doing great. You just need to flap your wings faster." By the time Joe finally got enough wind, so to speak, his father, who had witnessed the end of this historic event, had reached his side. After checking and realizing his son was going to live, he said, "Joe, how did you like your flight?"

Joe replied "The flight wasn't so bad, but that landing was murder."

Needless to say, that although the barn is still standing, there have never been anymore flights initiated from its roof.

Bug-Eyes

There's a story about this particular farmer who lived in Flagler County that had a mechanic called Bug-Eyes. Old Bug-Eyes was a good mechanic, but he was always losing his tools. This went on for several weeks, and the farmer thought he was stealing his tools and selling them. The farmer decided to watch him very closely and catch him red-handed, but he never could. One day Bug-Eyes failed to show up for work. Soon the farmer got a call from Bug-Eyes saying he was blind and couldn't see. The farmer rushed to Bunnell to take Bug-Eyes to the doctor. Well, lo' and behold when the doctor checked him he found eight screwdrivers, seven wrenches, three rachet handles and a handful of sockets. Old Bug-Eyes had been losing his tools in his eyelids. The eye doctor took a sheet of plexiglas and made Bug-Eyes some glasses and things have been fine since then.

Long Talkers

One day a farmer was supposed to build some fence with help from one of his friends. They were supposed to meet at 7:00 AM to start building on the fence. His friend was there early and went on down to the woods. The farmer's brother meanwhile drove up and asked for the friend. He told his brother

where the friend was, but he finished by saying, "You all don't start talking."

His brother replied "Don't worry, I just want to ask him a question and besides I have things to do."

After he loaded his fence and equipment he drove to the woods where the fence was to be built. Before he got to his destination, he had to go through a gate. There at the gate was his friend squatted down on the ground and his brother leaning out the window of his pick-up truck. He drove on through and his friend said he would be there in a minute. He worked all day until about dark which was about 7:30 that night. When he drove out, there was his friend still squatting in the same position and his brother still leaning out the window of his pick-up. He drove on to the house, ate supper, watched TV and then went to bed. About 11:00 PM, he heard them drive by his house and leave. He still doesn't know to this day whether they just got hungry or actually ran out of things to say.

CHAPTER 2

Ghost Stories and the Unexplained

The Ghost of the Indian Princess

In the early years of the Bulow Plantation, young Von Bulow befriended the Seminole Indians who lived around his sugar mill plantation. The Seminoles were always welcomed at Bulowville, and when they came hunting food, Von Bulow would give them a cow and other supplies.

During the Seminole Wars, government troops and a motley group, called the Mosquito Militia (led by Andrew Jackson and Gen. Putnam) commandeered Bulowville to set up as a headquarters, but only after being shot at by cannon, which earned Von Bulow an arrest, and confiscation of his property. The troops hunted the Indians from his garrison, trying to drive them off the land that had been theirs.

Prior to the military occupation, an Indian princess maiden fell in love with young Von Bulow, and Bulow's defense of the Indians only endeared him to her all the more.

The Seminoles revolted against their treatment and executed an attack on the plantation, setting fire to everything

that would burn. The troops fled before on-coming Indians who were destroying all the other plantations in their path. The Indians laid Bulowville in ashes as soon as they discovered they might do so with safety.

Von Bulow, his wife and one servant escaped with his gold, and buried it somewhere along their flight. Von Bulow was arrested when they arrived in St. Augustine, but was later released. He returned to Europe where he died shortly thereafter.

The Indian Princess grieved over her lost love and died of a broken heart. Her brother, the Indian prince, had so loved his sister, he cursed the land so that the whites might never live there in peace.

The Indian princess still haunts the old sugar mill ruins waiting for her true love to return to her.

Not only does the spirit still haunt the ruins, but there is actually a photograph of her there. The curse also lives on, documented by a disturbing record of misfortune.

The past 100 years' ownership of property in this area discloses that owners have suffered personal or business calamity--and sometimes both--including single and multiple-family deaths, dismemberment,

serious illness, fire and bankruptcy.

The Tomoka Monster - Karna Grad

High school pranks have always been popular, and the legend of the Tomoka Monster seemed an excellent idea to capitalize upon to impress a date. The Tomoka Monster seems to be as elusive as the Abominable Snowman, and a cross between Big Foot, the Susquatch and the Florida Mud-wump.

One dark moonless night a group of teenage boys decided to pull the grand coup. It took a great deal of pre-planning, but they finally managed to plant their "Tomoka Monster" in the woods, bedecked in a black wet suit with Spanish moss and leafy vines dripping from him.

The plan was for the two boys, who were double-dating, to drive past the pre-determined spot at a specific time and the "Monster" was to appear from out of the woods to invoke an appropriate show of horror.

As the appointed time drew nigh, the car approached the rendevous point, but before it was reached, their buddy (in his full monster regalia) bolted from the woods, frantically waving his arms and yelling "Stop! Stop!"

As the car slowed down, the "Monster" yanked open the door and jumped into the car--much to the consternation of the two girls. This was not what had been planned, however.

Upon questioning of the frantic buddy, they discovered the cause of his terror. "There really is a Monster out there!" he shrieked. At this point, they rounded a curve and there in the road before them was an almost identically clad "Monster" hysterically flagging down the car while screaming "There really is a 'Monster' out there!"

Who would have guessed that they would have run into each other--two teenaged pranksters with the same warped imagination.

There Are No Coincidences

Linda Dupont had a rather unusual story to share about a hunting dog. A very beautiful hound arrived on their doorstep complete with identification. Linda telephoned the owners several times but did not find anyone at home.

She and her baby went to Daytona to shop. At the J. M. Fields' store she collided with another woman pushing a child in a shopping cart. They met again at a shoe store and passed each other at

Kresge's. When they met for a fourth time at Winn Dixie's they laughed and joked but did not exchange names.

When Linda arrived home, she again called the dog's owner. A woman answered the call and said she would be there later in the day to retrieve her animal.

Imagine their faces when they realized this was the fifth time they had met that day!

The Flagler Beach Ghost

There are many small-plane pilots in Flagler County. One told of a very strange occurrence. A friend had said to him while they were fishing that he wished to be cremated and have his ashes scattered over the ocean around the Flagler Pier.

The pilot forgot all about it because his buddy moved south to Tampa. He was reading about his friend's death in the local paper when a box was delivered to him. Well, that was a jolt.

The pilot did just as his friend asked but when he started to empty the box out a wind tilted the plane and the pilot's glasses fell from his nose and out of the plane. Since he couldn't quite see, the ashes landed on shore.

At that exact moment several fishermen reported seeing the faint image of a man running around on the beach all of a sudden. The man on the beach appeared from nowhere and ran around like crazy, then ran right out into the water and was never seen again. The fishermen organized a search party to get his body. No body was ever found.

The pilot landed safely and later heard of the story of the man on the beach. He claims it was the spirit of his friend gathering himself up and getting into that ocean.

The Hammock Haunting

There are times when the fog rolls over the dunes and into the low-lying areas. Many have seen her on such a night. She's beautiful. Don't look into her eyes; they'll hypnotize you and lead you to doom. There is a report of one person who saw her and never again was sensible. He died insane.

Four men have reported seeing her floating out of a distant treetop and lightly, slowly, magnetically drawing them into her trailing white hair. Each described a beautiful woman in a long white

dress with hair down to the ground. Each had been drinking at a local saloon. Each wrecked his vehicle badly and each suffered only slight personal misfortune.

Very few will discuss her haunting. It has been reported that her eyes begin to change colors from a teal blue to green to yellow to fire! Then all who have seen her have suffered slight misfortune.

If you should be traveling A1A late at night and think you see a female form floating in the trees, don't look! Concentrate only on your driving and the road, for to look at this beautiful spirit will cause you grief like others in the past, and you will question your own mind.

The Tomoka Lights - Karna Grad

Just to the south of Flagler County was a virtually virgin stretch of Florida hammock surrounding the Tomoka River. Through this unspeakably beautiful wild tropical forest runs Old Dixie Highway. Ancient trees, heavily laden with Spanish moss arch over the road, blocking out the sky to create a mysterious tunnel effect.

The natural eeriness of this enshrouded road is further enhanced by many tales of supernatural happenings along this trail through the woods. The Tomoka

lights have been well known in this area for many years. There have been attempts to explain them scientifically as "swamp gas", St. Elmo's fire, or kids with flashlights, but anyone who has encountered their control will tell you that science can't always explain everything.

A disturbing record of misfortune lends credence to the myths surrounding this area. Cars have been known to run off the road into the swamp following these lights thinking it was another car on the highway. But the most spine-tingling story is of a young Flagler Beach man who had an errand to run in Ormond Beach. He told his friends he would return to Flagler to pick them up within the hour. On his return trip from Ormond through Tomoka, he observed lights behind him, approaching fast.

Assuming the lights belonged to a car, he waited for it to pass him. Much to his surprise, the lights went over him--just as his car stopped dead. All systems on his automobile ceased working all at once.

In what seemed to him only a minute or two (of dark, silent wonder and amazement), the mysterious lights reappeared in front of him, shot upwards and disappeared into the air. At that moment, the car's

engine started up, the lights and radio came back on, and he continued on his journey.

When the young man returned to his friends, thinking that he had made good time in spite of his "car trouble", he found them irate at being stranded for so long.

He had been absent for four hours!

Treasure Chest - Jamie Likins

During the Indian uprising at Bulow, a chest full of silver and gold coins was dropped from the bridge over Bulow Creek, near what is now Bulow Ruins. Treasure hunters, using money needles (similar to metal detectors), located the sunken treasure, and devised a way to remove the treasure by sinking a well pipe and sucking the water and mud from around the treasure. Soon both the discovered treasure and the men disappeared from Flagler.

Murder

In 1875 a peaceable clearing along Master's Creek near present Flagler Beach housed a honeymooner's cabin. Living inside were a kindly retired business man and his gentle beautiful bride. He had

been married to an extremely critical woman, whom he had divorced several years previously. However, she now hired her nephew to murder the couple. The nephew appeared at the log cabin one evening, and he was graciously accepted as a house guest. After two or three days of fishing and visiting, the nephew carried out his grisly task of murdering the lovely lady and seriously wounding her husband. Neighbors spied the nephew escaping on horseback, chased him into the big cypress swamp where they were able to capture him and return him to the little community along the ocean. The St. John's County sheriff transported the murderer to the jail in St. Augustine. In due course, the aunt was put in the cell next to his. Even here, she nagged and heckled her nephew for bungling the job. He never received the promised $100 from her. The trial for both ended in a sentence of death by hanging. A special scaffold was built in the middle of St. Augustine for the final dispensal of justice. However, their defense attorney went to Tallahassee and protested several different faults in the trial. The resulting rulings are still referred to in consideration of the modern cases.

The murderer was put to work on a road gang. After seven years he tried to escape--he was run down, shot and killed. His body was returned to St. Augustine for a pauper's burial. The aunt served 15 years in Women's Prison and was said to have kept up her nagging to the end.

Sing While You Drive

At 45 mph sing: "Highways are Happy Ways,"

At 55 mph sing: "I'm but a Stranger Here, Heaven is my Home,"

At 65 mph sing: "Nearer My God to Thee,"

At 75 mph sing: "When the Roll is Called up yonder, I'll be There,"

At 85 mph sing: "Lord I'm Coming Home."

The Haunting Lights On 305

Catch the moon just right when its waning and you just might see the mysterious lights on 305. Many night hunters have left their camps because of those lights. It is said that a woman and her fiance were driving too fast and both were killed back in the early 50's.

The lights are their tormented spirits trying to find each other. So on the nights when there is no moonlight, drive with care. You may just see two lights, one trying to catch the other. Whatever you do, don't stop to watch as they are very frustrated

spirits and there's no telling what they might do.

The Ghost at Painters Hill - Jamie Likins

Aunt Hammie told me about the ghost on Painters Hill. There is a house with the rocking chair on the front porch, and there'd be no breeze and no reason for the chair to be rocking. But there it was, "something" would be out there rocking. When you'd go to bed at night, you'd hear somebody walking back and forth dragging chains all over the top of the house. No one could live there for any length of time!

The Turkey Hunter's Ghost - Phil Johnson

There used to be a man named Clifton who had a grocery store at Flagler Beach. All the hunters would get some palmettos and make a blind so the birds wouldn't see them. They would call the turkeys up to them and shoot. One day out of season, Clifton said he was making them a blind. He propped his gun up against the tree probably 100 feet from it and when he got his blind made he started back to get his gun and there stood a man. He was very nicely dressed and Clifton thought to himself "Well, I'm caught now." He started to walk up there and when he got maybe 50 feet away, the man just disappeared.

He got his gun, got into his car and left.

I was telling my brother-in-law about it a day or two later and he just laughed at me. A few days later, we were down in that same area hunting. My brother-in-law was on one side of the swamp and I was on the other when I heard something coming. He said the swamp was so thick that nothing but a bear could get through it, so I got my gun ready to shoot.

When "it" came out "it" was my brother-in-law. He said, "There's a man back there."

I told him "What, no bear?"

My brother-in-law told me, "Well, that's my car yonder. If you want to go home, you better get in 'cause I'm gone."

Who Believes In Ghosts

In the Hammock, there use to be a kinda crazy woman up there in the woods and she would walk around at night and peep in windows. Where she stayed, I do not know, but they finally caught her. That's the only ghost I knew and she was alive.

The Haunted House On Veapy's Land

Everyone knew that house had been for sale for years. The owners even hired a fellow to exorcise the ghosts from that place. He was well known for his reputation

in dealing with spiritual energy, yet that Veapy house nearly did him in.

It seems the house was built near a tree which had been used as a hanging tree by the Spaniards. Where the house stood had been the exact location of an Indian encampment. The land had been cursed by a spirit who saw his mother murdered there and there were no peaceful breezes ever on that soiled property.

If ever a place needed some positive change, this house did. So the spiritual exorcist was hired and he came to that unholy spot.

He arrived at dusk; a tall man, dark-haired and handsome. He will no longer remember that night, and he told the story only once about what did take place! The door shut behind him with a slam. A whine started from the back of the house and filled each room, getting louder as it came closer and closer. When it filled the room he was standing in, his eyes began to ache and his eardrums burst. His body was thrown against the wall; one arm broken. He reported that glass windows broke for no apparent reason. The night was filled with the ghosts of the past reminding him

of the power of their revenge. Then the voices stopped. The silence was choking.

The exorcist crawled from the house. He is alive today and still doing many good deeds, yet he will not go back to that spot. Oh yes, his arm has mended and his bruises are long gone, but his hair has remained snow white since he left that haunted Veapy house!

John

There is a story about an old haunted house off Old Kings Road. Everyone was afraid to go there for fear of the "Haints". There was a story about a fellow named John who died there and still haunts that area. Some of the local boys said they would pay $100 to anyone who would spend the night in that house. One of the town drunks, who always needed money, took them up on their bet.

Part of the deal was they had to buy him something to eat and a gallon of moonshine to be deducted from the $100 the next morning. They drove him to the house shortly before dark and he set up housekeeping, thinking of what a good deal he had made even if he didn't stay.

Well, sir, about three hours, two plates of catfish and about one quart of

moonshine later, the drunk heard a noise and looked over at the window. There in the window was a little green man with purple hair and knobby knees about 3' tall. The little man asked the drunk "You gonna be here when John gets here?"

The drunk replied "You're just a figment of my imagination" and pushed the little man out the window. He then poured himself another drink. About two hours and another pint later, he heard the door open and in walked a man with orange hair, no teeth and warts on his face. He looked at the old drunk and said "You gonna be here when John gets here?"

The drunk said "I don't believe in 'haints'" and threw the funny-looking man out the door.

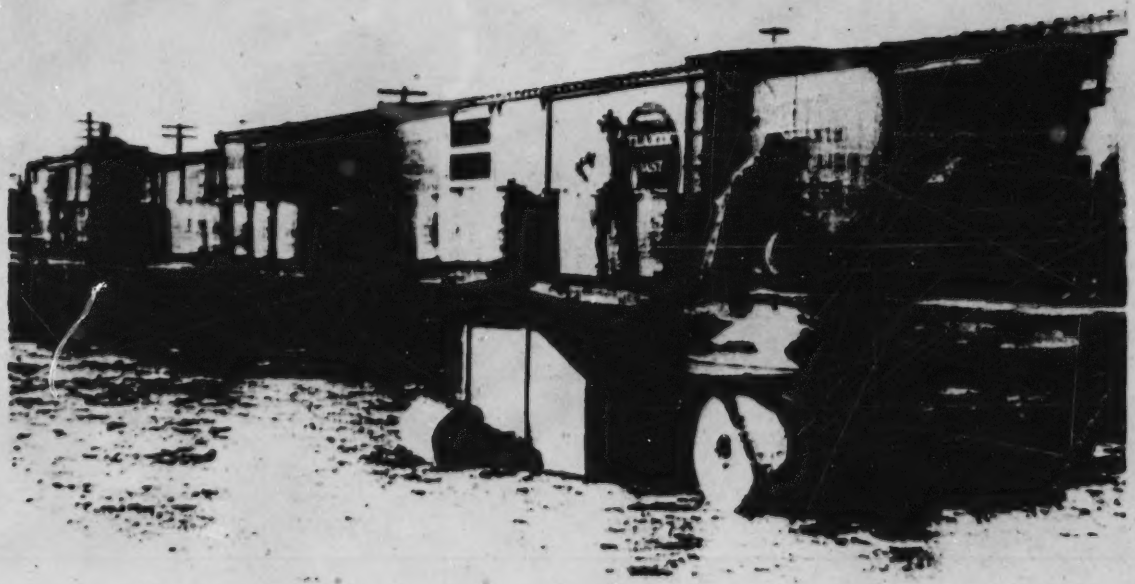
About one pint and one hour later, or approximately 12 midnight, the old drunk was awakened by footsteps which sounded like thunder. He looked up and in came a man about 9' tall with hair all over his body and with eyes that would burn a hole in a man. He looked down at the old drunk, then moved over to the fireplace where a cast-iron cauldron was filled with boiling hot grease and catfish. He put his hands down in the cauldron, grabbed the catfish

and ate them all in two bites. He then picked up the half gallon of moonshine and guzzled it down in three swallows. He proceeded at that point to grab a handful of red-hot coals and wipe his mouth. He stood up, towering over the old drunk and said "YOU gonna be here when John gets here?"

The old drunk replied "If you ain't John I'm gone." He ran out the door, sober as a judge, down the road and was back in town ten miles away by one o'clock.

It is noteworthy to mention that no one ever stayed all night in the house and the town drunk never took another drink.

The house has since fallen down, but to this day no one camps or stays where the old house used to be 'cause no one wants to be there when John gets there.



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CHAPTER 3

'Shine on Flagler County

Half Bubble Off Level

Herkimer was his name--Herkimer Johnson. He was the town drunkard and a half bubble off level. One time he took a swig from the wrong jug; it was kerosene.

His wife called the doctor. "Doctor, what should I do for Herkimer?" she wanted to know.

The doctor was irate. He didn't like Herkimer, as he had dealt with him and his drunkedness on many occasions. His answer was given short and sweet.

"Stick a wick in him and light it!"

She asked, "Down his throat?"

"It doesn't matter," said the doctor, just so it gets to the kerosene."

Aged 'Shine

Many Flagler folks will tell you about the parties of the past when liquor was either illegal or too expensive. In either case 'shine was a favorite alternative. The solution was to have a 'shine contact and be a regular customer.

One Bunnell beauty remembers that there was "aged" and "fresh" 'shine. Of course the "aged" 'shine was more expensive

and reddish in color from the wooden barrels. This lovely woman remembers that the family decided to have a big party and realized they would need more 'shine.

They sent an uncle out to buy the "aged" 'shine. The regular order was five gallons of the darker 'shine. The uncle had no problem procuring the 'shine.

Asked if he wanted "aged" or "fresh," "Aged 'a course!" was the uncle's reply. He was just flabbergasted to see the 'shine change color as the supplier took down from the shelf, just above his head, a bottle of iodine and put several drops into clear 'shine to age it! The uncle reported that was rather expensive aging!

Fetchin' 'Shine

Most folks in Flagler County like to attend a daints or go jukin'. Some like "drinkin' liquor" which is exceptionally smooth whiskey. There are many stories 'bout a small but potent minority, referred to as the "Bunnell Boys," who drank "fightin' liquor." These "good ole Bunnell Boys" included any white male under the age of 50 who, in addition to his occasional liquored-up state, was also

fond of fishin', huntin' and good-lookin' women. Several generations back they established a reputation in Volusia, St. Johns and Putnam Counties as "The Fightin' Crowd."

Now a "daints" is a more or less formal event in which members of the opposite sex hold each other and move rhythmically to the sound of music. "Most folks 'round here 'bouts like dancin' 'cept the "Babdists." No matter where you go in southern communities, you will find a great profusion of members who belong to this religious denomination. Flagler County is no different. They are against drinkin' and dancin' (they did as much tellin' ya what not to do as was in fact done).

Many folks in Flagler County were raised on "stompin' 'n cloggin' 'n jukin'." Fact is, in Bunnell you can still hear music in the streets on a summer evening. "Jukin'" is visiting a variety of southern nightspots. Most of these nightspots are frequented by gents who are armed and dangerous. The number of nightspots per capita in Flagler County was the highest in the state. Seems they take "jukin'" fairly serious remembering that it involves mainly "drinkin' 'n

dancin' 'n sometimes fightin'."

Big City Forays

Stories that made the rounds in Bunnell--

"Back in 1936 we loaded up in a brand new Chevy sedan tourin' car, borrowed from one feller's mother. We went to the Showboat in Volusia County one night and a couple of fellers started a fight in the washroom. He had to spend the night washin' the blood out of that car. The two who started the fight got out of there all right, but they had everybody else fightin' from one end of the Showboat to the other. Due to some past experiences, the management of the Showboat had hired some bouncers that night. Those bouncers were throwin' the Bunnell Boys into the river as fast as they could grab them."

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"Way back before that there was a nightclub called the Chateau Lido, a hot spot in Daytona, where my friend and I had our first drink. We were still in high school, but we wanted to be sophisticated. I ordered a martini, and the other girl ordered an old-fashioned. The orange and cherry garnish looked much better than that olive in my drink. I asked her to

switch drinks with me, but she wouldn't.

"The friends we were with all got drunk. One tried to leave by way of the telephone booth. He almost tore up the telephone booth trying to get out of it. It took nearly an hour to round all of 'em up and in the car. The Lido was way down where the Halifax Mall is now, and the ride home that night seemed to take close to an eternity."

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"Everybody agreed that the best dance floor in Daytona was located at the Pier. That place gave many a blistered foot to the dancers from these parts, for when we finally got there, we were reluctant to leave. One woman stated that she remembers navigating every inch of that floor one night. Says they had big bands playing 'til the wee hours of the morning, and she didn't want to miss a single dance. She also loved the long drive back to Bunnell under those star-filled summer night skies."

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"Raht neah the train depoe in town wuz a barrel makin' factry. They shipped more moonshine outta Burnell in barrels 'sposed tah be taters. They used to take

the barrel and fill it with 'shine. They'd put the barrels of 'shine in the train car and put taters all 'round the vents and on top. When the revenooers opened up the door, all he saw wuz taters. Finally they caught 'em in the (Chicago) yard and traced it back to Burnell. Somebody found out that those revenooers were commin' so the local boys tried to clean up the side camp from where they took the sour mash to the still. Didn't matter. The revenooers tore that camp apart. Didn't matter to those Burnell 'shiners cuz they had 'nother still in Orange Hammock. That's Haw Creek. Those 'shinin' boys managed to get a lot of buck (sour mash) onto wagons and took it to the turpentine still. When they ran that mash through, people could smell that 'shine all over the county."

'Shine From High Springs

Jinx used to go over to Gainesville to attend many parties at "Gators" University. Invariably he was sent to acquire the 'shine. I heard Jinx tell the following:

"One time at a fraternity house-warming party I was sent along with another fellow by name of 'Reggie' to go after some 'shine. I told Daddy I was going to High

Springs and pulled up to the drugstore. Ain't that somethin', goin' to a drugstore to get some 'shine? Well, Reggie come out and he said he couldn't do no good. Jus' couldn't do no good. So I sez, 'Well, I guess we'll just have to go on back.' Well, we started back to Gainesville. Well, here we were comin' back from High Springs and we turned into a fillin' station. There sat Mr. Stringer.

'I don't know whether you remember Mr. Stringer. He would come in and contract for the tater-peelin' crews and provide the men.

'I got out and called Mr. Stringer over. We walked over to the side and I talked to him about gettin' some 'shine and what not. I didn't reckon I could get some.

'He said, "Well, Jinx, I'll introduce you to a fellow. Maybe you and him could do some business."

'So, he called to the station man there named Surfer Beach. We talked and talked and talked.

'He said, "yeah, I can let you have some 'shine. How much do you want?"

'I said, "I want a gallon."

'He said, "I can sell you a gallon

for the same price as five gallons."

'Well, we got that five gallons of 'shine back to Gainesville and saw myself a spectacle I won't never forget. You should of seen their faces when I brought in those five gallons of 'shine. You should of seen 'em group 'round that jug siphonin' them some to take home with 'em.'

Bootlegging Nehi Brand

Another Flagler character told this story:

"I bootlegged here for awhile. It all started out at old Bill Weaver's place. Me an' him had a run-in there and I called him a big bad name, an' so he come out here to check on me 'cuz he heard I was selling, ya know.

"'So, I uh, understand you sell whiskey,' he said, as he cocked his foot up on the bottles of sodawater. 'I think I ought to search you.'

"I said, 'Why don't you bring me a search warrant and search?'

"He said, 'I think I'll do that.' All the time he spoke he had his foot on a case of whiskey!

"I had it put in these here Nehi soda bottles. I had them capped with strawberry

caps. That was my brand. I put them in the ice box there at the store. If anyone wanted a coca-cola, orange, lemonade, or sassafras I'd serve 'em raht up, but if they'd ask for strawberry, I'd tell 'em I was out. I'd tell 'em we didn't have no strawberry 'cuz that wuz my brand.

"I sold a lot of it. I made a lot of money along 'bout that time. I used to sell it for a dollar a bottle, and it only cost $10 a jug--that's a five-gallon jug we're talking 'bout. Actually, it was $10 if I went and got it, $12.50 if they delivered it.

"I went off one Saturday--that's when the workers got paid off around this place. I told Pop, 'Don't open that old store 'till I come back. O. K?' So I put about 100 bottles in the ice box, locked up and returned early Sunday evenin', 4:00.

"Pop wuz all upset. He said, 'I sure am glad to see you come back here...these damn workers in this place is all drunk!'

"'Have you been in the store?'

"Now Pop jus' couldn't stand the idea of those workers spendin' their money anywhares else. And he was jus' tickled punch when he announced that he sold every strawberry soda in the cooler for a nickel

a bottle. They drank all your durn soda water

"Now I never said a word to him, and he died not ever knowin' he made those workers so crazy drunk."

Flo's Memories

"I can remember Prohibition; and in this area most of the people considered themselves very religious. To take a drink was a sin and to smoke was a sin. My grandmother had a huge sideboard and on the top shelves were rows and rows of beautiful bottles filled with liquors, whiskey, rye, and rum, but no one ever drank any of it. In my family if you wanted to drink, it was all right, but to get drunk was another story.

"My father was a rum runner. They would bring it anywhere from Ft. Lauderdale to south of Miami. They made a habit of changing locations, you understand, because of federal revenuers were doing all they could to keep this from coming in. Father and his crew would go across to Bimini out in the Atlantic and, of course, the British were perfectly willing to sell them all they wanted from all parts of the world.

"Father brought in more rum and used his creative spirit to fool those revenuers.

His boats would enter Florida inlets in all sorts of disguises--yachts, commercial and sport fishing boats, and shrimpers."

Rumors and Facts - Jamie Likins

A huge sailing ship was stranded ashore in the Hammock with a cargo of cases and cases of Scotch which was being smuggled into the United States illegally.

A fisherman was using live minnows as baits, but was not having any luck. To bring the minnows back to a more active state, he tried submerging one minnow in a shot of bourbon, and landed the biggest fish of his life!

Rum-Running In Flagler County - Robert Moody II

During the Prohibition, Flagler County was a favorite place for rum boats to unload cargoes of liquor as it had a new highway to haul it out on. Their cars could go the old woods roads to the beach to load it for Jacksonville, Daytona Beach, Miami and even New York. The liquor was brought from the island of Bimini by way of Canada and Europe.

The only law on the beach side was a deputy sheriff who lived at Flagler Beach, my brother, and the Coast Guard captain. There was a Coast Guard station where the state park is now.

The unloading was done at night and they would surprise and capture them, boat and all. Then they would carry the men to jail and haul the liquor into the courthouse. and store it in the clerk's office and vault.

For some reason, the vault never got full, no matter how much they put in it. They had it full one time just before Christmas, and one night someone took a torch and cut the lock off the door and emptied the vault. That was a Merry Christmas for the whole county. Funny thing--there never was no investigation ever made.

Trudie's Table

Flagler 'shine had an incredible reputation. During Prohibition a tremendous amount of 'shine was produced. Many Korona women made fresh 'shine daily on their kitchen stoves.

Grandaddy was thoroughly disgusted with the whole issue. He had to have his booze, so he made his own and hid it in the closet. The closet shelf was made of solid walnut two inches thick. One he inadvertently ran out of his own preference of Flagler 'shine. He then reached where he was hiding some recently acquired stock, and accidentally broke the bottle that stained the walnut shelf.

Today that shelf has been made into a beautiful table and Trudie says that stain is still there. She loves the fact that is has some 'shine in it, and wouldn't change that piece of history for anything in the world!

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CHAPTER 4

Courtin' Stories

Be Yourself

To capture his heart, my lovelorn elf,
Remember, just be your own sweet self.
Though if you have troubles, don't confide them.
If you have opinions, try to hide them.
If his friends insult you, stand the gaff.
If his folks are corny, laugh, girl, laugh!
If your head is aching, look beguiling.
If he dances on your feet, keep smiling.
But remember this all else above,
Just be your self, that's what men love.

--Anonymous

Politics And Kissing In The Bushes

Shortly after the courthouse was built in Flagler County the local Republicans held a large meeting. Brass bands, floats and banners, and several hundred men, women and children paraded in the street.

While standing on the front porch, which was covered with trumpet vines and hidden partially by the bougainvillea bushes, a young beautiful girl claimed that she was repeatedly hugged and kissed by a young man she didn't know. A warrant was sworn out for her assailant, leading to his arrest and prosecution.

During his trial, while the girl was being questioned, this information was brought out by the cross-examiner:

"What night was this?" thundered the attorney.

"Thursday night," she answered.

"Thursday night, you say? What time of night?"

"About 6 o'clock."

"Was that about the time the parade was passing your house?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever cry out or scream?"

"No, sir, I did not."

With rising voice, the defense attorney began, "Will you tell this jury, with people crowded along the street outside and this man who hugged and kissed you as you claim, why you never uttered a single cry for help or assistance?"

"Yes, sir. I will tell the jury, and everybody else, that you will never catch me hollerin' at no Republican gatherin'."

The Nervous Judge and His Finest Marriage Ceremony

Just recently in Flagler County a very young judge was elected to office and during his first week in the office, he had to perform a marriage ceremony held at Washington Oaks State Gardens. Judge Willy Tactful took it on with dedicated intensity and at

the end of the ceremony, he rose to all kinds of acclaim.

"By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Florida, which is the sacred stronghold state of the South; by the fields of cabbage that spread throughout our county; by the howl of the coon dogs; by the wings of the snowy egret; by the trumpets' clinging tendrils shading the entrance to your humble dwelling place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; and by the heavens and earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

Sho' Nuff, the Southern Gentleman

Sho' Nuff was a true southern gentleman. Everywhere he went he always had his wife with him. 'Most everyone in the county noticed it.

One day one of his bubba friends said, "Sho' Nuff, why do you always take your wife with you?"

Sho' Nuff smiled and said, "Son, she's so ugly I hate to kiss her good-bye!"

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Another southern gentleman was heard saying, "I figured I couldn't run her off so I figured I'll just out-live her."

Be In Early

The young man was told to be in by ten or eleven. He then penciled the number ten on one side of the door and eleven on the other. When asked at the breakfast table what time did he got home, he answered honestly, "I came in between ten and eleven."

Parkin', Sparkin' And Mooin'?

Blackpoint Road has long been a popular, rather romantic spot for young people, whose eyes sparkle with love dust, to come and gaze at the moon. Many dreams and future plans have sparked in the breezes that cool their faces. Special friends have been serenaded by the music of these breezes in the trees and the glow of ideas has been seen with the unique lighting effects sponsored by Mother Nature.

(Oh yes, dear reader, did you know that Blackpoint Road runs through thousands of acres of open cow country?)

One night there was a young parked couple who were totally unaware of an approaching cow. The cow thrust her head in the open window of the automobile and bellowed one loud MOO!

As a matter of record, that couple never has been back to Blackpoint.

The Indignant Movie Goer

That wonderful movie theater provided many Flagler residents with memorable moments. It also provided the manager with some memories she'll never forget.

One humid, warm summer evening she observed a child held in its mother's arms. Making friendly conversation she said to the woman, "That baby is sure perspiring!"

The mother became very indignant and replied angrily, "She ain't perspirin' neither, that's sweat!"

Nostalgia - Gamble Rogers

Is there a man amongst ya? Is there a woman amongst ya who can tell me the meanin' of nostalgia? Was it rumble seats and runnin' boards, clam-shell feathers and bullet headlights? Or is it the movies--Humphrey Bogart, Marlene Dietrich, Howard Duff and Ida Lupino?

There was a motion picture theater in Bunnell. We'd sit in there during Saturday matinees an' scarf up on those Ju-Jubees, Milk Duds, Necco Wafers, Jordan Almonds and Sugar Babies. Remember those Sugar Babies? Durn sticky things!

One time there was this little idiot in the audience who sideled out into the lobby durin' the middle of the picture with

his box of buttered popcorn hidden up under his shirt. He eased on up to the water fountain, stepped on the switch, directing a clandestine crescent of clear water into the popcorn box turning its contents into a soggy, oily vegetable mass.

He then eased up into the balcony and precisely during the heaviest part of the flick, the patrons there below were startled to hear the sounds of abdominal distress as our young scoundrel leaned far out over the balcony (while pretending to throw up) and poured the popcorn over their heads and shoulders, all the while goin' "aaugghh!"

Nostalgia. What is nostalgia? Could it be 3:15, school's out, jump on your trusty bicycle, peddle down to Baker's Drugstore 'n' eyeball the prom queens truckin' in and out.

All those Bunnell Boys cued up to the curb in their skeeters. What did you call those shorts? Hot rods? Take a '49 Ford, cut the body off. You got a radiator, an engine, a chopped cab, a seat bolted to the chasis, and a gas tank made out of a discarded beer can.

Pull up there to Baker's Drugstore, rattle those flat-head V-8's, eyeball them prom queens like a cool-cosmic cowboy. Oh

yes, you got a nickel-plated caterpillar tractor watch-bob hanging from the rear-view mirror and a decal on the windshield that says "Don't bad-mouth the farmer with your mouth full."

Now, Tom Bendix was a Bunnell boy and a hard case. He had the baddest skeeter thar ever wuz. He called it the "Country Contraption." Now he put a sparkplug into the muffler pipe of his skeeter and attached it to a "T" model coil and then attached the "T" model coil to a toggle switch on the dashboard.

Now one day, Trudie went truckin' out behind the "Country Contraption." Tom seen her in the rear-view mirror, revved up his big engine; flipped the toggle switch on the dashboard which made the sparkplug go to sparkin' back there in the tail-pipe. He deftly flipped off the ignition key and cunningly flipped it on again which caused a pint an' a half of unburned Sunoco 260 to course through the exhaust system, and in one blazin' cloud of smoke, it burned all the angora off Trudie's sweater. Burned the balls off her socks, too. Oh yes, nostalgia!

Limburger Cheese And Phosphorescent Plankton

Oh yes, those wondrous memories of my

courtin' days. I remember only too well how romantic it was for my boyfriend to carry me over to the beach. He would always take my shoes off my feet and we would walk ever so slowly at the ocean's edge and watch the phosphorus dance in the water. It was on one of those glorious summer nights that he proposed marriage.

We had a perfect wedding until we got into his car. Friends had tied cans and shoes on the back bumper. They had bows and ribbon streamers decorated all over, along with various typical graffiti. It looked like a honemooner's car all right, but it smelled very odd. The odor was permeating.

We drove out of Flagler County wondering what was in the air! When we arrived at our hotel we took our baggage to our room and then went out to wash the car. That wasn't what I had in mind to do at all.

The next day the smell was as strong as ever. In fact, that smell got worse. It followed us everywhere we went on our honeymoon. We must have cleaned that car inside and out at least a hundred times the first month we were married--I'll never forget it! We even washed the engine. I

figured he had run over an animal or something had gotten stuck underneath that car and was smellin' so bad.

One of those Bunnell boys finally took pity and showed us where someone had stuck a large mess of limburger cheese in the engine. What a way to remember your first month of marriage.

The Wrong Chicken

Once there was a "newly wed" wife who was interested in saving money. While shopping she found a real cheap, extra large chicken. This chicken was so large she was convinced that her husband would eat only one drumstick and be full. She fried it up 'till it was golden brown and served it piping hot.

She watched her husband's face as he took his first bite. That is, she watched her husband's face as his mouth bounced off that chicken time and time again. She soon learned that you cannot fry a baking chicken, for it turns out to be tough as Billy-be-durned.

The Blind Date

Several young Bunnell good ol' boys decided to go to St. Augustine for a night on the town. There were four of these "Bunnell Boys" and only three of them had dates. After

friends called other friends, a blind date was arranged for Mack.

Mack was driving a VW compact car. Being a proper southern gentleman, Mack went to the door to escort his date. He was rather surprised when his date towered above him--she was 6'3" tall!

The couple walked to the car, he opened the door for the lady and assisted her into the car. He thought of the dinner they were going to have and where they might go afterwards. Gallantly thinking of how to have a good time, he was getting over the height differential as he walked around the car.

Click. Click. The key turned; the engine did not. Imagine his surprise when his date jumped from the car and pushed it (with Mack and his friend and his date inside) to a jump start! Mack always said that was one date he would never in his life forget!

Herkimer's Old Hag

Herkimer couldn't read or write and he had never seen a mirror before. One day he was walkin' down Old Kings Road and spotted a piece of broken mirror. He picked it up and looking at it said, "Why, there's my picture."

He took it home and laid it on the mantle over the fireplace.

While his wife was cleaning she picked it up. Looking right into that mirror she said aloud, "The nerve of Herkimer. He's left a picture of that old hag he's been runnin' with!"

Love And One Man's Garden

This is a story about summer passion and Bille Rae.

An established entrepeneur, Bille Rae is the owner of the Deer Tongue Agency--a unique business with an almost exclusive dependence on the warmth of sunny days and the sandy Florida scrubland.

The thought of Bille Rae and his work could make your shudder. It leaves most animal lovers speechless.

A weed which flourishes in damp sandy soil along woodland regions, deer tongue is an herb with an aroma reminiscent of vanilla.

Deer tongue gets its name from a shape and veining resembling just that--a deer's tongue. Ground up and added to tobacco, deer tongue absorbs unwanted taste and sustains burning.

But enough of deer tongue. This tale also involves summer passion.

Bille Rae's business not only deals with deer tongue, but also maypop and saw palmetto berries.

Maypop, according to local legend, is called the passion plant. Exported to European countries, maypop is sold as an inexpensive aphrodisiac and its berries are used as a type of kidney medicine. Exotic lavender or white flowers blossom from the plant's climbing vines during the mid-day of late spring and summer.

Stretching an average 20' and gathered in baskets, some five pounds of the plant's vine, flower and fruit produce close to one pound of maypop. Once dried, it's ground into powder and then sold for its legendary qualities. Sometimes it's the subject of a milder use--that of a cosmetic base.

Since Bille Rae's business depends on the blooming of late spring, some have called it a "summer love affair."

Private Johnson

Private Johnson was drafted into the army, went overseas and got into the war. His army buddies had to read him his letters since he couldn't read or write.

His mother wrote him a letter and said she was fine, but his wife was in bed with arthritis.

Private Johnson sat there with his head bowed real low. In a few minutes he said, "Them Ritis boys were scoundrels and rogues, and Arthur was the meanest one of the whole bunch!"

Diddy-Wah-Diddy

You are now entering Diddy-Wah-Diddy,
'Taint a town,
'Taint a city,
Just a place they called Diddy-Wah-Diddy.
Where illegal activities
Made it Sin City,
This place they called Diddy-Wah-Diddy.
The Sunday front rowers
Called this place a pity,
This place they called Diddy-Wah-Diddy.
But some of these folks
Were present and giddy,
At the place they called Diddy-Wah-Diddy.
No matter where you go,
From county to city,
There will always be a Diddy-Wah-Diddy.

Borage, star-flower, beebread, burrage, (false) bugloss

Elecampane, scabwort, elf dock, horseheal, wild sunflower, velvet dock, inula

CHAPTER 5

Old Cures and Remedies

NOTE: The remedies, cures, potions, and other various concoctions that are listed in this chapter are in no way endorsed or recommended by the author or co-sponsors of this project.

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One old timer related the following cure for the lack of appetite:

Drink tea 20 minutes before meals if hot or 30 minutes before meals if cold. Do not sweeten the teas under this heading. Barberry root, Buckbean leaves, Black Alder bark, Bittersweet herb, Golden Seal root, Papaya - mint, Sarsparila root, Sassafrass bark. DOSE: one-half to one teaspoon of the ground herbs, roots, leaves, etc., for each cup of water, twice a day before meals as explained above.

Another old-time herbal remedy has the property of preventing, dissolving and eliminating bladder and kidney stones. Herbs belonging to this group are wild carrots, wild radish, wild violet leaves, plums and prunes, parsley, onions, gravel plant herb, goldenrod herb and buchu leaves.

DOSE: one-fourth to one-half teaspoonful ground herb to each cup of water. Take

it hot or cold three times a day, no less than one hour before nor less than three hours after meals. These teas may be sweetened with honey.

Another long-time resident related how to prevent rheumatism by using fruits, such as lemons, grapefruit, oranges, and pineapple. DOSAGE: drink from one to two pints of fruit juice daily for a week. After this preliminary treatment, you may take one cup of herb tea listed below at 11:00 AM, one glass of citrus fruit juice at 4:00 PM and another cup of herb tea at 8:00 PM. The following herbs are in this group: black alder bark, black willow bark, bittersweet twigs, dandelion root, horseradish, licorice root, sassafras root, and yarrow. DOSE: one-half teaspoon of ground herbs in 10 oz. of distilled water. Drink it hot one hour before meals. Abstain from those foods which produce much uric acid, such as eggs, legumes, nuts, and seeds.

If this cure doesn't work, drink a pint of brandy. It won't help your rheumatism, but it will keep you from thinking about it.

A medicine which has the property to prevent bleeding are: sage, willow,

shepherds purse, wintergreen, blood staunch herb, pilewort, oak bark, and blackberry root. DOSE: one half to one teaspoonful of one of these herbs in 10 oz. of water. Take two cups of the tea one-half hours before meals.

Note: Not effective on knife wounds as a direct result of stabbing.

One old folk doctor related this cure to persons who are prone to gas. If suffering with colic pains due to distension of the intestinal walls, caused by gas, you may take as follows: mix together one-half teaspoonful each of ground aniseed, peppermint, and fennel seed. Next, put it in one pint of water and boil for five minutes. Take one cup of this concoction very hot. If the pain does not disappear within half an hour drink another cup of tea. Unless the pain is due to a very serious obstruction, it will be relieved within 10 to 30 minutes. It very seldom fails. It is guaranteed, or double your gas back.

Another important remedy which increases the flow of urine are asparagus, borage, broom herb, dandelion, goldenrod herb, horsetail and honeysuckle horsetail, juniper berries, parsley, sarsaparilla, shave grass,

strawberry, watermelon juice, and whortleberry leaves.

Nervines are medicines which soothe and calm irritated nerves. The following herbs belong to this group: crampbark, nerve root, rosemary leaves, and valerian root. DOSE: one-half teaspoon of the ground herbs, bark or root in one cup of hot water. Take when irritated or nervous. Other remedies include punching bags and/or doing 200 - 300 push-ups or running five miles.

A woman in Bunnell used wads of cobwebs on wounds to stop bleeding. I was told that cobwebs would hold a wound together so securely that stitches could not do better and that with cobwebs there were no scars.

Leeches were used on black eyes, and barbers did most of the community dental work and "bone setting".

One old-timer remembers that the Spanish Flu of 1916-1917 killed thousands of people. His mother insisted that everyone in his family wear a bag of camphor around his or her neck. He remembers smelling like camphor for a year and a half. He also noted that no one in his family ever "took" the flu.

Many people in the country have recollections of castor oil. One person cannot drink orange juice today because as a child

she was forced to drink it with castor oil in it. Castor oil was used to clean out the stomach and intestines. It was used to eliminate constipation and cure colds and cold sores. This author has used it to remove a wart and cannot imagine using that oil internally. It does effectively remove warts. Another effective way to remove warts is to rub the wart three times a day with a penny.

If you have a cold sore, eat a cup of yogurt a day. If you have a fever blister, take lysine daily. For diaper rash, apply vitamin E. For warts, take vitamin A and apply castor oil. If you suffer from tiredness and a lack of energy, add bell pollen to your diet. If you want to lose weight, eat a cup of chicken soup before your meal. If you have a cold, eat chicken soup. When you suffer from a bee sting, you can put a fresh cut slice of onion on it or use a poultice made out of garlic or tobacco or meat tenderizer. If you have a rising or boil or deep splinter, use fatback to lift out the aggravation.

The cure for dogs who suffer with fleas is to add yeast and garlic powder to the animal's food. A notable difference in the flea population can be seen in 10 to 14 days.

Cure for mischievous youngsters is a dose of castor oil. It is related that while it does not prevent misbehaving, it just prevents them from having time to misbehave.

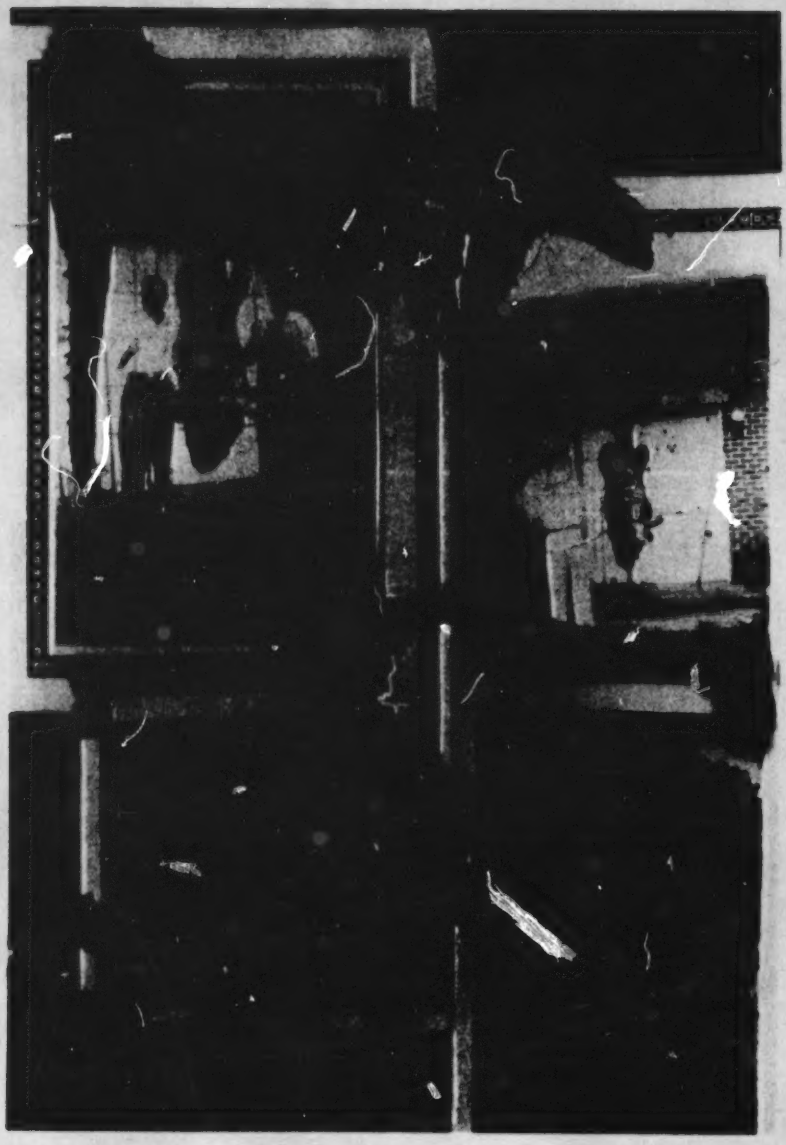
Wearing a clove of garlic is a sure prevention for colds. However, it has not been proven whether the garlic prevents the cold or keeps people far enough away not to transmit germs.

Chewing tobacco is an excellent drawing agent for insect bites, snake bites and spider bites. It is important that the tobacco be wet and soggy. It is also important to know who has been chewing it.

Sassafras, ague tree, saloop, cinnamon wood, saxifrax

Jack-in-the-pulpit, Indian-turnip, cuckoo plant, wild turnip, wake robin

American-sarsaparilla, wild-sarsaparilla, Virginian-sarsaprilla, sweetroot, small spikeweed, spikenard, rabbit's food



CHAPTER 6

Fishing and Hunting Tales

The Intracoastal Waterway Monster - Linda Dupont

The injunction, "Don't believe everything you hear and only half of what you see" is very wise. The eyes may play many tricks on human beings. Take the story of the Intracoastal Waterway Monster, for example.

Many years ago there was a story going around about a huge sea monster roaming through the waters just near the Flagler Beach bridge. Many fishermen told stories of seeing the huge beast.

There was an old man from New Smyrna Beach who just laughed and joked when he heard the blown-out-of-proportion rumors. He had fished on the waterway for over 25 years and had never seen anything that could not be explained.

One cold foggy night the old fisherman was off on one of his regular fishing trips when suddenly he saw something coming straight at him. The huge beast seemed to have a large head and long flapping tail.

His imagination began to run wild, as he recalled the rumors of the sea monster. The old man was, however, a very brave man.

He braced himself and prepared to face the siutation to the end. The huge thing moved slowly toward him, coming closer and ever so slowly closer. He felt excitement and fear as he raised his fishing gig, ready to thrust a mighty blow.

As it approached it appeared bigger, yet the old man drew back his gig and with might strength he threw it right into the head of that huge thing. It was dead all right. It took that old man over two hours to carve his gig out of the roots of a big palm tree!

Sweet Talkin' Hunter

Steve is the last of a very special breed of man. He was born on a horse and can navigate better than anyone in any woods, swamps or flat land in the state of Florida. He is respected by everyone who has had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. When we go hog hunting, his word is law. If he says move, we move.

One time while we were hog hunting, Ernie found the first hog. Jack and Mike had been riding their horses in one direction and Dennis and Steve had gone another. Steve told Dennis to go help Ernie and he would go on back to camp as the dogs had split up.

Can you imagine this big "John Wayne" type of a man sitting by the campfire saying sweet nothings to a dog? Steve was found talking to Coco, and we quote:

"You sure a good dog, Coco. You built so good with those long legs. Ooh you're such a pretty dog. You're 'bout the most perfect huntin' dog I ever laid eyes on. You are worth $10,000 at least, and you know what Coco, I wish you were my dog."

Old Style Camping In Flagler County - Robert Moody II

Camping was a tradition in our family; D. D. Moody sponsored most. We would go up to the Flats somewhere between St. Joe and Pellicer Creek, where they was plenty of fish in the creeks and plenty of oysters. On Friday D. D. would send a survey crew of his up there and they could build a couple of huts and cut up wood for the camp, and he would bring the courthouse gang and anyone that wanted to come, and all the family. There would be 30 or 40 people and they would eat oysters, fish and everything else they had brought.

The eating and sleeping went on around the clock, and poker playing, too. Everyone would leave Sunday evening, tired but happy.

Sometimes we would camp at the old Washington place. It was a beautiful place to camp; it was all vacant then we would camp under the beautiful oaks and hickory trees, by the flowing wells to be close to the water. Everyone slept where they wanted to--in cars, on the ground or any place.

One night we were camping on Long's Creek, and it turned cold so we all had to get in our cars or hug the big fires we built. The creek even froze for about 4' out into the water.

Our favorite place, though, was where Marineland Studio is now, as it was handy to everything. There was the flats right at you and we would put our camp right by the tanks since there was trees and ocean at the edge of the camp.

After we got our camp set up, the men went to the flats on low tide, and you could walk on the mud and feel the clams under your feet. They would get a sack of them and then they would get six or seven sacks of the finest oysters, and the women and kids would be catching fish in the surf or down at the canal.

We wonder sometimes if our kids had a place or a chance to do these things if

they wouldn't have a different outlook on life.

The Quiet Hunters

A lot of Flagler folks have hunted around Graham Swamp. That favorite location was what is now the Harbor Restaurant in Palm Coast.

Back in the early 1950's, some highly experienced hunters came upon the most unusual animal they had ever seen. It was so large and frightening that the hunters decided not to tell anyone about their horrid encounter. The incident was never forgotten and finally some family members were told of the sighting of an 8' creature who had hair all over its body and walked on two legs like a man. Its stride was huge and the hunters chased it across a meadow and it fled into water. The hunters lost it and feared that they would either cause panic or have their sanity questioned. Liking neither they chose to keep quiet.

Did It Happen This Way? - Jamie Likins

While walking down the side of the canal one day, a man saw something jump out of the water on the opposite side, so he shot at it, jumped into a rowboat and rowed across the canal, and found that he had shot a big-channel bass.

Gazing at a tree near the canal, he saw something running down the side of the tree, sidled over and after tasting the liquid, found it be pure strained honey. He filled two cornsacks full of the delicious honey, returned across to the canal, carrying the two bags of honey on one shoulder and the fish on the other.

The Ol' Deer Head Trick

Boy, that girl is a greenhorn. Why I can remember when she came to a big family party a few years back. Several of the hunters were gathered under a large deer head which had been in the family several generations. It was a beauty and a trophy of family pride.

Someone asked that girl if it was a male or female deer. We all looked up at the rack on that deer and say, "How should I know, I can't see anything but the head."

*****

I heard about Steve being out one time hunting and a bear came by. He was asked why he did not shoot the bear,and he said he was not bear hunting, he was deer hunting.

Bulow Creek Or A Stick In The Mud! - Jamie Likins

A group of friends were fishing on

Bulow Creek, when one of the girls decided that she would dive into the creek for a swim. As soon as she jumped head first into the water, she landed stuck in the mud, with only her feet showing. After washing off the mud at the artesian well, they continued to call her "a stick-in-the-mud."

The Children Hunters

The James Dupont family is a huntin' family. They love turkey and venison served for their meals, and when daddy goes huntin', the children do too. Only difference is their "catch" usually become pets instead of Sunday supper.

Over the years the Duponts have had various "catches" in their home. At one point in time they had 25 grasshoppers living in jars, an ant farm, six caterpillars housed in shoe boxes and a baby armadillo, which resided in and out of its cage.

One time the animal kingdom provided a little turtle about the size of a nickel. This was not "legal size" for gopher stew, so it, too, became a loved pet. Food for the turtle was not easy to find in Flagler County, so the Duponts visited the local grocery store and collected 20 to 30 flies for the little turtle's weekly meals. On hands and knees a family that hunts down

flies together will have many times in the future to laugh together.

A Fishy Story - Jamie Likins

A man was fishing in the Intracoastal Waterway with a line. He didn't have a pole, just a line. He caught this great big sea bass. It was so big, when he pulled it in and hauled it over his shoulder, the fish's head was at his shoulder and its tail was dragging on the ground. He hauled it over to my grandmother's, and they had to put it on a big board in order to scale it, and they scaled it with a saw or maybe it was hoe. I'm not sure now.

But when the man wanted to bring the fish across the canal he had big trouble. The fish was so big he couldn't fit it in his boat, so he had to put the fish in the boat and he had to stay out and push the boat, paddling across the canal with his feet.

My grandmother told me "That was a BIG FISH!"

The Beehive Bear At Blackpoint - Mike Woodard

My daddy's beehives were set out all along Blackpoint Road. A bear got into those hives and killed several queens, hundreds of bees and broke up several

hives. We fixed them up and be durned if that bear didn't mess them up again. Well, Claude Allen and me and others started out several different areas.

I saw Claude sitting on a flat-bed truck with a string stuck to his light switch and his lights aimed at the road. The truck was parked right in front of those beehives. As soon as a bear got in the road, he aimed to kill that thing. Claude climbed on to the back of the truck, string in one hand and gun in the other.

I said "Claude, do you really expect to have a bear just walk up to that truck with you sitting there?"

"Yup," was his response.

I went about a mile away and climbed into a tree. Later I heard him shoot. I came on down and went to him. Sure enough, he had shot a 300-pound bear!

High Bridge Catch

One yokel was tricked out of his catch. The Bunnell local caught the largest fish ever caught off High Bridge and quite a crowd gathered to share in the excitement. The local's enthusiasm overpowered him as he talked to the crowd. Every detail was discussed, the type of hook, the bait used, the size line and how he had managed to

reel that big fish in. Talk, talk, talk, and more talk created quite a crowd. Just as the peak of excitement was occurring, some guy asked could he see the fish. It was handed to the spectator who promptly threw it into his car and took off--much to everyone's amazement.

Catching A Bear

Flagler is blessed with not only some outstanding hunters, but some outstanding liars about hunting. It seems one particular hunting season the usual gathering and partying of the first week of hunting season had created an unusual amount of bragging and boasting. This was partly due to the amount of alcohol being consumed that particular night.

This was one hunting season which started out cold and stayed that way. Anyway, back to the story about the bragging and boasting in the hunting cabin. Back in this particular time, bears were plentiful in Flagler County and bear hunting was a big sport with certain constituents in the county.

This hunting camp was located by one of the largest cypress swamps in the county, and was noted for its bear population. Well, after several drinks. One hunter,

named Old Bill, got to bragging about how he could catch a bear, bare-handed and, of course, that was the highlight of the night.

Well, sir, first thing next morning, before breakfast they awoke Bill--hangover and all. They shoved him outside in his "long-Johns" handed him only his boots and told him to go fetch that bear. As luck would have it,he had only gone about 200 yards and walked face-to-face with an old bear. Bill let out a yell and took off running, hollering every step with that old bear right on his tail.

Somehow, in all that confusion and fear, old Bill had sobered up enough to think fast. By the time he reached the cabin, that bear was so close he could feel its breath. Luckily the doorknob on that cabin was real loose. When old Bill hit that door, he grabbed the doorknob and swung around behind the door. He then yelled to all of the other hunters sitting at the breakfast table "You all grab that one, I'm going back for another one." He shut the door and headed for his truck. Well, let me tell you that was about as close to mass hysteria as any ever witnessed in Flagler County. There were people jumping out through windows, running out the

door, throwing chairs, turning over tables. hollering and screaming, and looking for some place safe. That one-man outhouse ended up with six people in it. Of course, all the guns were inside, so no one could shoot the bear. That old bear sure enjoyed them eggs and bacon and the honey and bisquits. The old bear finally sauntered out the door with a smirk on his face which seemed to say thanks for the breakfast, boys, that was sure better than berries.

Needless to say, there was no hunting that day because it took most of the day just to clean up the cabin.

The Dog That Couldn't Swim

Duck hunting used to be a big event in Flagler County, and there was one man who was noted for having the best retrievers around. One day one of the local bigwigs arranged for a state senator to come duck hunting with Fred. They got ready the next morning about 3:30 AM and headed for the marsh. They were all situated in the rubber raft surrounded by the duck blind. When daylight started breaking, a couple of ducks came flying in toward the marsh. The senator jumped up and shot both ducks. The senator was a pretty good shot for a politician.

He told Fred "Send your dog out."

Fred replied "Just leave them, we can get them later."

The senator said "I came all the way from Tallahassee to Bunnell to see your dog work."

"Bear, go get 'em" said Fred.

The dog jumped out the the boat, tip-toed across the top of the water, picked up the ducks in his mouth and tip-toed back to the boat, jumped in and dropped the ducks in Fred's cap. The senator looked amazed and astonished but said nothing. About that time in came two more ducks. The senator jumped up and shot down one of the ducks. Immediately he said to Fred, "Send out that dog."

Well, Bear jumped out of the boat and tip-toed out,picked up the duck and tip-toed back again. The senator was on the verge of shock. He just could not believe his eyes. Finally, after a couple of minutes, he said to Fred "I have never seen anything like that in my entire life."

Fred said "Senator, I am really embarrassed. I don't know what to say. I've tried to teach that dog to swim for two years."

After the story got out, everyone wanted to see ole Bear do his trick, but Fred kept him at home. Someone finally asked Fred how he arrived at the name Bear for his dog. Fred replied that he named him after his friend, who is a football coach up in Alabama who never learned how to swim either.

Cold-Nosed Dog

People have always bragged about cold-nosed hunting dogs. That's a dog who is capable of smelling the scent of the animal it is trailing long after the animal has gone. This particular dog had a nose so cold that when his master tore down an old shed which was about 25 years old, exposing a deer track on the ground under the floor of the shed, his dog barked, smelled the track and took off running. The man tried to catch up with his dog but couldn't do it. All hunting dogs wear collars with tags which identify their owners and their addresses. Anyone finding a lost dog can contact the owner.

After this particular incident, about two months had passed since the dog had left home. One day a letter came addressed to the man. The letter read "Dear Sir, I

have your dog at my house and will hold him until you can come get him. I am most anxious to hear the story about this dog. He came in the door at my office in downtown Tallahassee and began baying a deer I killed in Flagler County 22 years ago and had mounted for my library wall."

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Sam Jones

Sam Jones
Attorney-at-Law

GOSSIP

CHAPTER 7

Quotable Quotes From Flagler Folks

There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it behooves the rest of us,
To not talk about the least of us.

--Robert Louis Stevenson

*****

It takes 1/10th of my time to tend to my business and the other 9/10ths to let everybody else's business alone.

--R. C. Tillman

*****

The treasures of life are voices sharing the old stories.

*****

The difference between a Yankee and a Durnyankee is.....the Yankee has sense enough to stay where he belongs.

*****

Ah wuz sixteen years old 'fore ah learned that Durnyankee wuz two words.

*****

A southerner never sells what he can eat and a northerner never eats what he can sell!

*****

Gopher stew is made from a large turtle found in Florida streams that supplemented

many Dixie diets when the Yankees came down during Reconstruction and carried off everything that wasn't bolted down.

*****

We used to say that southerners are prejudiced against Yankees, but we now amend that because prejudice has no actual basis.

*****

Black-eyed peas when eaten on New Year's Day will equal the number of dollars you would make that year.

*****

'Till the last pea's out of the dish.

*****

Breakfast like a king and look like prince charming.

*****

Eat breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince, and dinner like a pauper.

*****

During the forties Dr. Rose's office reported between those Bunnell Boys and the laborers for the three turpentine stills in the county someone was always fighting and scrapping; getting shot or cut up; there was never a dull moment.

*****

"Young man," asked his aging uncle, "are you graduating Magna Cum Laude?"

"No sir," came his quick response. "I'm graduating thank-you Lordy!"

*****

Youth is not a time of life, it is a state of mind.

*****

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, and as old as your despair.

*****

To get hair like this, you should have my doctor!

*****

Hurry just puts wrinkles on your face and corns on your feet.

*****

If my feet hurt,I hurt all over.

*****

I was always too lazy to dance; if I was going to work that hard I wanted to get paid for it.

*****

That ol' dog won't work no more.

*****

As pretty as a speckled puppy in a red wagon under the Christmas tree.

*****

If the rooster crows around your back door, it is a sure sign of strange company coming.

*****

If a rooster crows during the night an even number of times, it means good luck for the next day. However, if he crows an odd number of times, then bad news is sure to follow.

*****

If the milk is spilt, the cat will lap it up.

*****

The difference between an Espanola mosquito and any other mosquito is the Espanola mosquito has a little spot on each wing about the size of a dime.

*****

Busier than a beaver in a tar bucket.

*****

Possum smell too bad to get rabies.

*****

A camel is a horse that was designed by a committee.

*****

A man on a galloping horse couldn't miss that

*****

If the termites weren't holding hands, the building would have fallen down!

*****

The drought was so bad you could see catfish walking on to wetter waters.

*****

Oh no, the kingfish are running and my boat's in the shop.

*****

Scrubbin' the bait.

*****

He ain't got no more chance than a kerosene cat in hell with gasoline drawers on.

*****

Dogs howling at night are a sign of death.

*****

Keep that up and one more white shirt will do ya!

*****

For the uppity: "I just want you to remember that a week after you're dead, you'll smell just like everyone else."

*****

You're in such good shape, they'll have to kill you on judgment day.

*****

Not caring for one another has always caused sickness among a people.

*****

Sorry is as sorry does.

*****

Pride goes before a fall.

***** 121

I knew a man who couldn't find out where he was for three days. Asked by folks back home if he was lost, he said "Whurn't lost; jus' din't know whur I wuz!"

*****

Across hell and half of Georgia.

*****

Amy Threadgill told me of the young Georgian boy who asked his father as they stood in front of the Flagler Beach Hotel, gazing at the Atlantic, "How big is that thar creek?"

*****

The Lord willin' and the crick don' rise!

*****

You're so tense you need to sit at the edge of a river and watch a rock move. Now there's a valuable change of pace.

*****

I plan more things I don't do and do more things I don't plan than anyone else I know.

*****

You're so tired you need to recharge your batteries.

*****

Gee, I didn't recognize you with your mouth closed so long.

*****

Guess I'll go to the house and remain.

*****

You listen to what this old man is tellin' you!

*****

The old-timer said he knew everything that was happening in town but he bought the weekly paper just to see who got caught.

*****

My daddy used to say the best of wits bought if you don't have to pay too dear for it.

*****

Of all my children, he was mah knee baby.

*****

The one who carries in his arms the baby out of the hospital (or away from the birthing place) for the first time influences that child's personality and physical traits.

*****

Friends support each other as the salt does the ocean.

*****

All ah wanna do is hold you a little, is all.

*****

Fire like that moves so fast it boggles the mind.

*****

Women Troubles: The one's I want I can't get, the ones I can get the devil wouldn't have!

She sure don't hurt your durn-blamed eyes none!

*****

I say I believe I took a picture of that man.

*****

I'd like to lay a lip lock on her.

*****

You can't fault me for that.

*****

Garterbelts are what happens when you assign a committee to design something to take your mind off your headache.

*****

You would faint in your hankies to see how the boys took care of business in the old days.

*****

Old things are passing away and all things are becoming new.

*****

Love what you do, for you and it are one.

*****

He wasn't lookin' for sundown, payday or Christmas.

*****

Good time?. . . Talk to me about it.

*****

A dress affair in southern Flagler County meant clean overalls and you must wear shoes.

*****

There used to be a wonderful dancin' place down south named "Calamity Hall." They heard I was coming and they closed it.

*****

Oh sure, they'll sell you set-ups for the price of a bottle!!

*****

You can't get there from here!

*****

When someone was clumsy, stumbling or falling, we would say, "There goes Thurman."

*****

If someone put their shoes on the wrong feet we would say, "There goes Cooter Lewis."

*****

When someone was throwing a temper tantrum, we would say they were, "pitchin' a daisy".

*****

Meaner than "Old Billie Scratch!" (Old Billie Scratch is another term for the devil.)

*****

Half bubble off level--oh no, he's just one bubble off plumb.

*****

You never could of should of.

*****

I'd rather have a thief around me than a liar cuz I kin catch the thief.

*****

A bad penny turns up.

*****

Child, whur you bin? I ain't seen you in two-hunnert years!

*****

Whar (wear) you out.

*****

If you can't listen--you can feel!

*****

Oh, hell. You don't even know how wide the river Jordan is!

*****

Why should I whine?

*****

Ah'm fixin' to....

*****

Just give it a lick and a promise.

*****

He's too lazy to sleep.

*****

She ain't dumb, her bread just ain't done yet.

*****

You can't fool me, I didn't fall off no turnip wagon yesterday.

*****

His elevator don't reach the top.

*****

She's short one oar.

*****

Three men in the boat and the oar's leaked.

*****

It is obvious I've got to work.

*****

That child is so ugly they have to tie a porkchop around her neck to get the dog to play with her.

*****

So broke I can't pay attention.

*****

He is so ugly he has to cover his head so sleep can slip up on him.

*****

She is so ugly she has to slip up on the glass to get water.

*****

I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life,
It makes my peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

*****

Scarce as hen's teeth.

*****

"Can't" is the slugger too lazy to try.

*****

Hotter than winged-tip shoes on Saturday night.

*****

Gooder n' snuff and not half as dusty.

*****

Looser than Moody's goose.

*****

I can qualify for anything 'cause I got the prettiest wife, meanest kids and the ugliest dog in the county, or maybe vice versa on the dog and the wife.

*****

I haven't spoken to my wife in two weeks and when asked "why not"--'cause she ain't stop talking yet.

*****

"Why" is a letter; you ought to know better.

*****

Mother-in-law's are great if they're more than 500 miles away.

*****

There is a direct correlation between speaking and hearing--you can't hear when your mouth ain't shut.

*****

Might as well; I can't dance and it is too wet to plow.